# A New Settlement of Old Scores

## John Brunner

A COLLECTION OF TOPICAL SONGS AND FILKSONGS ESPECIALLY COMPILED FOR CONSTELLATION, THE 41ST ANNUAL WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

EDDIE JONES '89

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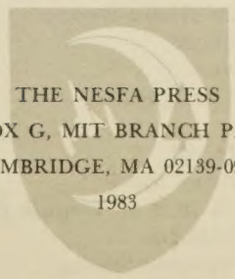
# A NEW SETTLEMENT OF OLD SCORES

John Brunner

A ConStellation Publication



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In the year when we celebrate our silver wedding
I dedicate this book

TO MARJORIE

because I cannot sing to her
and this will have to do.

# FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Many of these songs originally appeared in *Sanity*, the journal of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, to which for several years I contributed a column called "Add Verse Comment", or in songsheets prepared for protest marches and other demonstrations; occasionally they were reprinted in folksong magazines such as *Sing, Sing Out!* and *Broadside,* and in collections of topical, political and protest songs. A few were written for science fiction convention program booklets. Five of them (viz., "Lullaby for the Mad Scientist's Daughter", "The Ballad of Teddy Hart", "Faithless Jack the Spaceman", "The Spacewreck of Old 97", and "The H-Bombs' Thunder") were included in *The Book of John Brunner* (DAW, 1976).

Virtually all the tunes I've used are traditional (hence the title of the book), with the exception of *"Le Déserteur"* by Boris Vian, which appears by special permission of MCA Music Ltd., London; all paid performances of it in either language should be reported to the Performing Right Society or ASCAP. If I have mistaken any tune still in copyright for a traditional air it was by inadvertence; anyone who notices such an error is requested to enlighten me.

Finally, I wish to extend thanks to the organizing committee of ConStellation, the 1983 World Science Fiction Convention, not only for inviting me as their Guest of Honor, but also for giving me the opportunity to publish, for the first time, a collection of my songs, a project that had long been in my mind, and in particular the music calligrapher, Theresa Renner; the illustrators, Eddie Jones, Alicia Austin, Ann Layman Chancellor, Cecelia Cosentini, Bob Eggleton, Frank Kelly Freas, Phil Foglio, Alexis Gilliland, Joan Hanke-Woods, Dell Harris, Barbi Johnson, Carl Lundgren, Don Maitz, Rowena Morrill, Michael Moyle, Victoria Poyser, Stu Shiffman, Stephanie Slayton, Mike Symes and Michael Whelan; and the New England Science Fiction Association for taking on this project given very short notice.

—JKHB
Somerset, England
1983

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# Editor's Acknowledgment

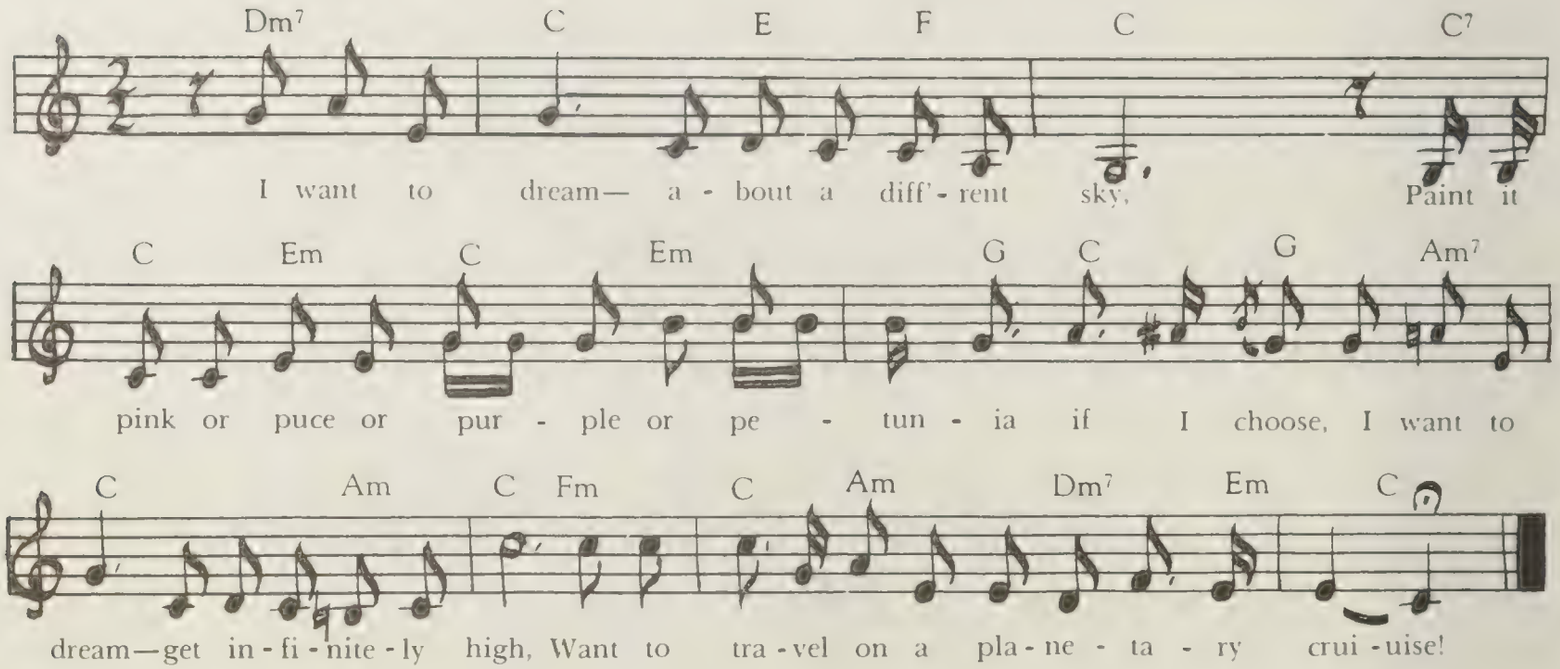
I would like to thank the following people for their assistance in producing this song book. First and most importantly, the artists: Eddie Jones, our cover artist, Alicia Austin, Ann Layman Chancellor, Cecelia Cosentini, Bob Eggleton, Frank Kelly Freas, Phil Foglio, Alexis Gilliland, Joan Hanke-Woods, Dell Harris, Barbi Johnson, Carl Lundgren, Don Maitz, Rowena Morrill, Michael Moyle, Victoria Poyser, Stu Shiffman, Stephanie Slayton, Mike Symes and Michael Whelan. All who freely contributed their time and effort to produce the humorous and sometimes poignant illustrations that accompany each song. Chip Hitchcock, who supervised the data entry and text formatting of the material. Sue Hammond, Sue Lichauco and Jack Carroll, our music consultants. Rick Katze, who drew up the book contract and handled relations with ConStellation. Our typing staff: Ed Budreau, Jill Eastlake, George Flynn, Tom Galloway, Bob Knowlden, and Pat Vandenberg. George Flynn for his invaluable proofreading. Our lay-out crew of James Turner, Pat Vandenberg, Don Eastlake, Sharon Sbarsky and Jim Mann, who spent many long and painstaking hours over a light table adding words to the music. And finally Theresa Renner, our calligrapher, who produced the beautifully done music you see herein. Thank you all very much.

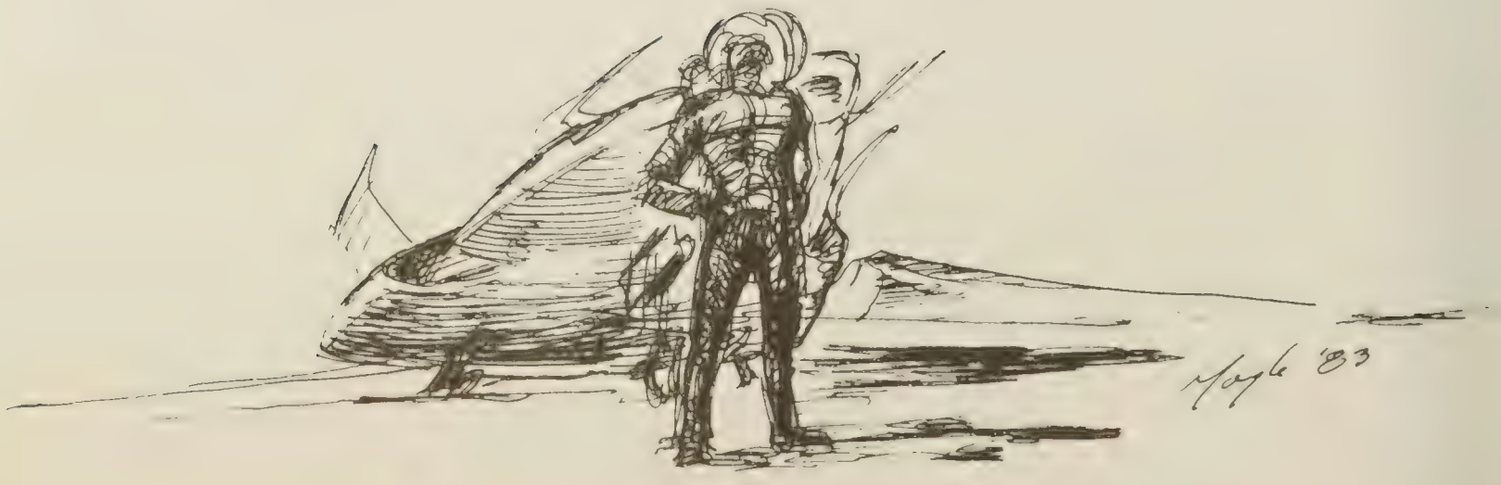
Greg Thokar, Editor
Cambridge, Mass.
July 4, 1983

# A New Settlement of Old Scores

# Anthem of an Unrepentant Addict

Tune: traditional American, "Alice B."


Dm7 C E F C C7
I want to dream— a - bout a diff' - rent sky, Paint it
C Em C Em G C G Am7
pink or puce or pur - ple or pe - tun - ia if I choose, I want to
C Am C Fm C Am Dm7 Em C
dream—get in - fi - nite - ly high, Want to tra - vel on a pla - ne - ta - ry crui - uise!




**Weren't you as disappointed as I was when Mars turned out to be a desert planet?**

I want to dream—about a diff'rent sky,
Paint it pink or puce or purple or petunia if I choose,
I want to dream—get infinitely high,
Want to travel on a planetary crui-uise!

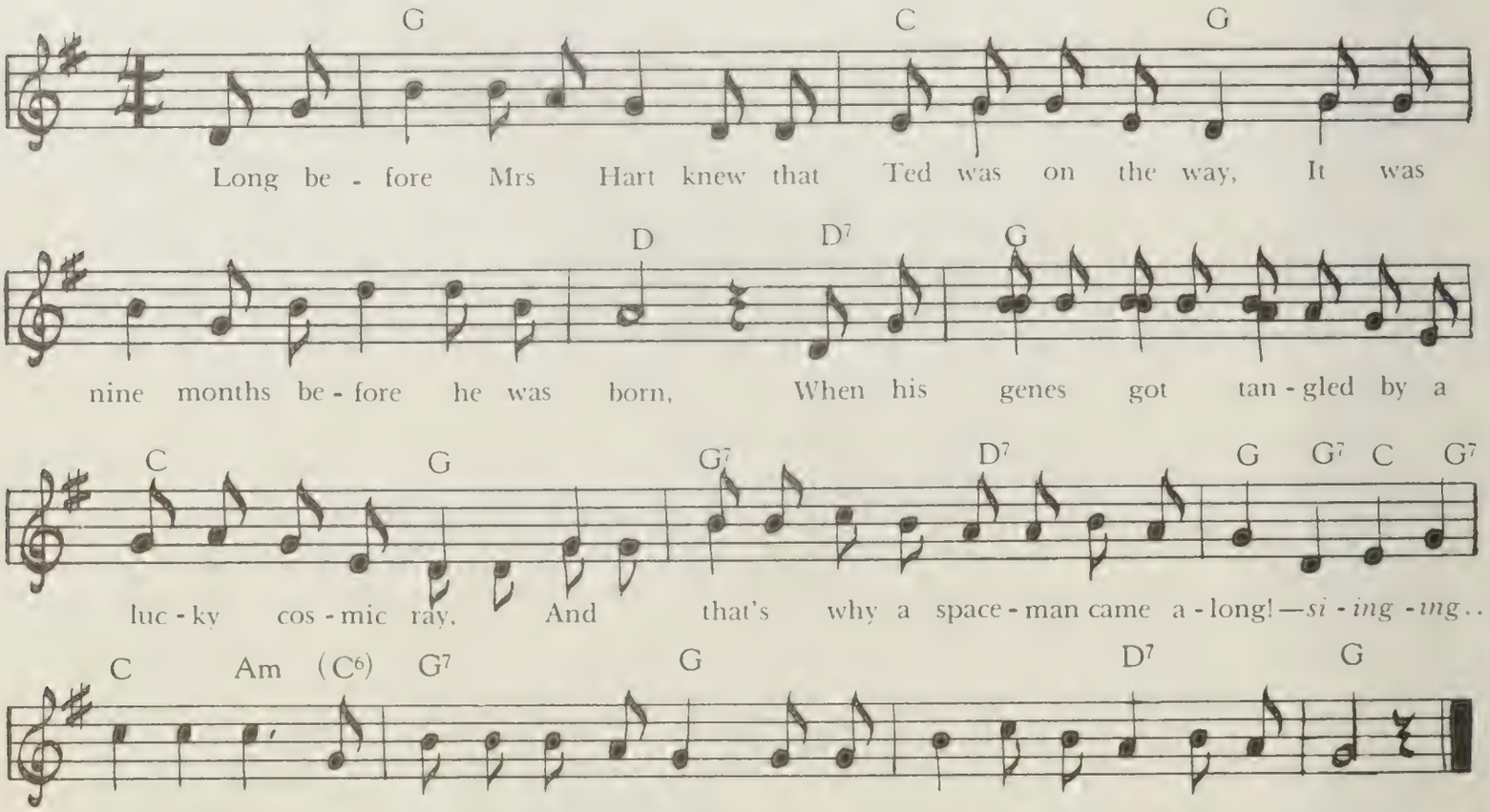
I want to talk—with megabrain machines,
And I want to watch the sunset glisten under Saturn's rings,
I want to walk—with Martian kings and queens,
Oh, I want to do a million billion thi-ings!

I know they're there—I want to go and see
How the moonbeams light the spires of Jovian cities fine and tall!
It isn't fair—to steal my dreams from me
Just 'cause science says they can't be there at a-all!

They don't believe—we'll meet the men from Mars,
For the pictures that they've taken show a desert, so it seems.
They can't conceive—a future in the stars,
But the hell with what they say, I'll keep my dre-eams!

# The Ballad of Teddy Hart

Tune: "Jesse James" (adapted)


G C G
Long be - fore Mrs Hart knew that Ted was on the way, It was
D D7 G
nine months be - fore he was born, When his genes got tan - gled by a
C G G7 D7 G G7 C G7
luc - ky cos - mic ray, And that's why a space - man came a - long! —si - ing - ing...
C Am (C6) G7 G D7 G
Ted, Ted, Ted, I can't be - lieve you're dead, You have gone where the good space - men go!

**Teddy Hart is my attempt to create a future folk hero out of whole cloth. He made his debut in the early 50's, but that was a shorter version to a different tune.**

Long before Mrs Hart knew that Ted was on the way,
It was nine months before he was born,
When his genes got tangled by a lucky cosmic ray,
And that's why a spaceman came along!—*si-ing-ing...*

*Ted, Ted, Ted, I can't believe you're dead,*
*You have gone where the good spacemen go!*

Teddy lay in his cradle just seven days o-old,
When the sun was a-sink-i-ing low,
And he looked at Venus all a-glittering and gold
And he cried 'cause he wanted i-it so!—*si-ing-ing...*

Cut his teeth on a nosecone a month or two later,
Learned his A-B-&-C from a chart,
Taught him-self to figure like a 'lectric calculator—
A spaceman bred and born was Teddy Hart!—*si-ing-ing...*

Well, a meteor struck on his first trip into space,
Killed the captain and co-pilot dead,
So he suited up and took the casualties' place
And twenty people owed their lives to Ted!—*si-ing-ing...*

Ev'ry ship in the sky Teddy studied how to fly,
For you can't keep a born spaceman down,
Till the empty void and ev'ry tiny asteroid
Were like streets in his own home town!—*si-ing-ing...*

In the space-station bars from Mercury to Mars
You will hear of the *Jupiter Two.*
With her stabilisers shot, right above the Great Red Spot,
It was Teddy Hart who somehow pulled her through!—*si-ing-ing...*

When the *Sol Skimmer Four* drifted helpless and alone
In the maw of a white solar hell,
Teddy Hart flew the orbit that they said could not be flown
And he brought her crewmen back alive and well!—*si-ing-ing...*

Well, they launched *Pluto One* just a year ago today,
She was bound where a ship's never been.
Teddy Hart in command of her she thundered on her way,
And of that ship no more was heard or seen!—*si-ing-ing...*

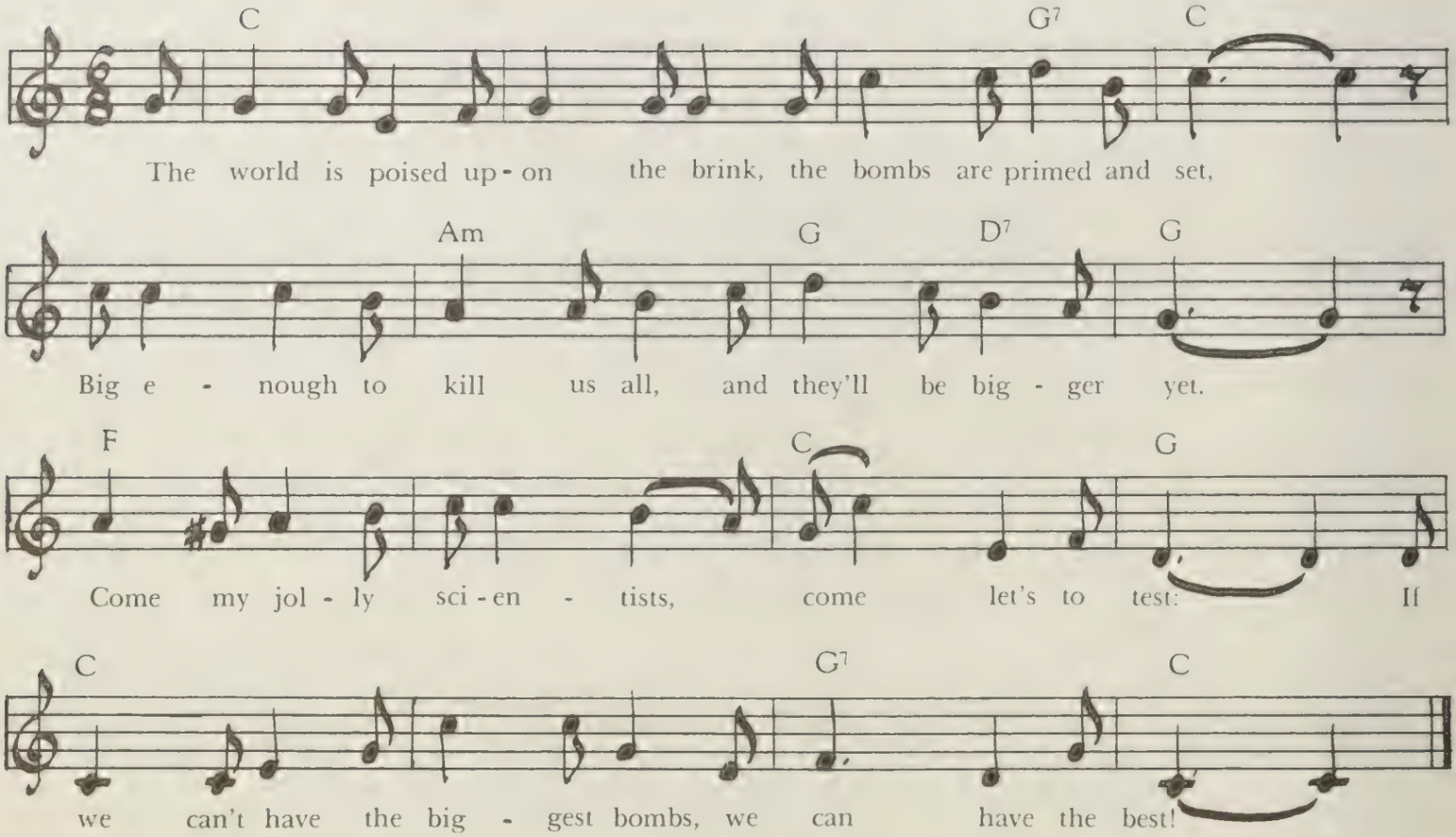
But when ships are in danger, orbiting to port,
And the crew are afraid they may die,
If you tune to the pilot, you will hear his whispered thought:
"If Teddy Hart could do it, so can I!"—*si-ing-ing...*

And we bring cripples in with their patched and battered skin,
And the power gauges all reading nil!
We know Ted set 'em down just as light as thistledown,
So the rest of us can do it—and we will!—*si-ing-ing...*

*Ted, Ted, Ted, I can't believe you're dead,*
*You have gone where the good spacemen go!*

# A Billion Dollars a Week

Tune: traditional English, "Fourpence a Day"


C G7 C
The world is poised up - on the brink, the bombs are primed and set,
Am G D7 G
Big e - nough to kill us all, and they'll be big - ger yet.
F C G
Come my jol - ly sci - en - tists, come let's to test: If
C G7 C
we can't have the big - gest bombs, we can have the best!

**"Fourpence a Day" is a Yorkshire lead-miner's song. I wrote my version during the Vietnam war, when American "defense" expenditure was said to be running at around $50,000,000,000 a year, or a billion dollars a week.**

The world is poised upon the brink, the bombs are primed and set,
Big enough to kill us all, and they'll be bigger yet.
Come my jolly scientists, come let's to test:
If we can't have the biggest bombs, we can have the best!

The minister is in his church, the sexton rings the bell.
Christian folk are giving thanks that arms are ripe to sell.
Come on in your limousine, come let's to pray:
We'll praise the Lord for armaments that pay, pay and pay.

The generals are underground, the maps are on the wall,
Telephones are waiting for the word to kill us all.
Come and get your Minuteman, bring your degree,
And kill a million foreigners you can't even see.

The Stars and Stripes is up the pole, the children are in school.
Teacher's using shelter drill to teach the Golden Rule.
Come my little preciouses, lie on the floor—
I promise when they slaughter you, we'll kill even more.

The latest girl is in my bed, the whisky's on the shelf—
Common folk don't ask for more, why should I blame myself?
Come my little what's-your-name, come if you can.
You may not get another chance to lie with a man.

# Burn the House Down

Tune: traditional sea chanty, "Blow the Man Down"

D
As I was a - walk - ing down Par - a - dise
B7 Em A7
Street To my way - ay, burn the house down, A
bloo - dy West In - dian I chanced for to meet—
D A D (A) D
Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!
Burn the house down, bul - lies, burn the house down. It be-
B7 Em A7
longs to a wop or a black man or brown—
Burn the house down, bul - lies, burn the house down.
D A D (A) D
Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street
*To my way-ay, burn the house down,*
A bloody West Indian I chanced for to meet—
*Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!*

*Chorus:*

*Burn the house down, bullies, burn the house down,*
*It belongs to a wop or a black man or brown—*
*Burn the house down, bullies, burn the house down.*
*Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!*

I'm stony broke and he's loaded with loot
*To my way-ay, burn the house down,*
He's got a car and I'm going on foot—
*Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!*

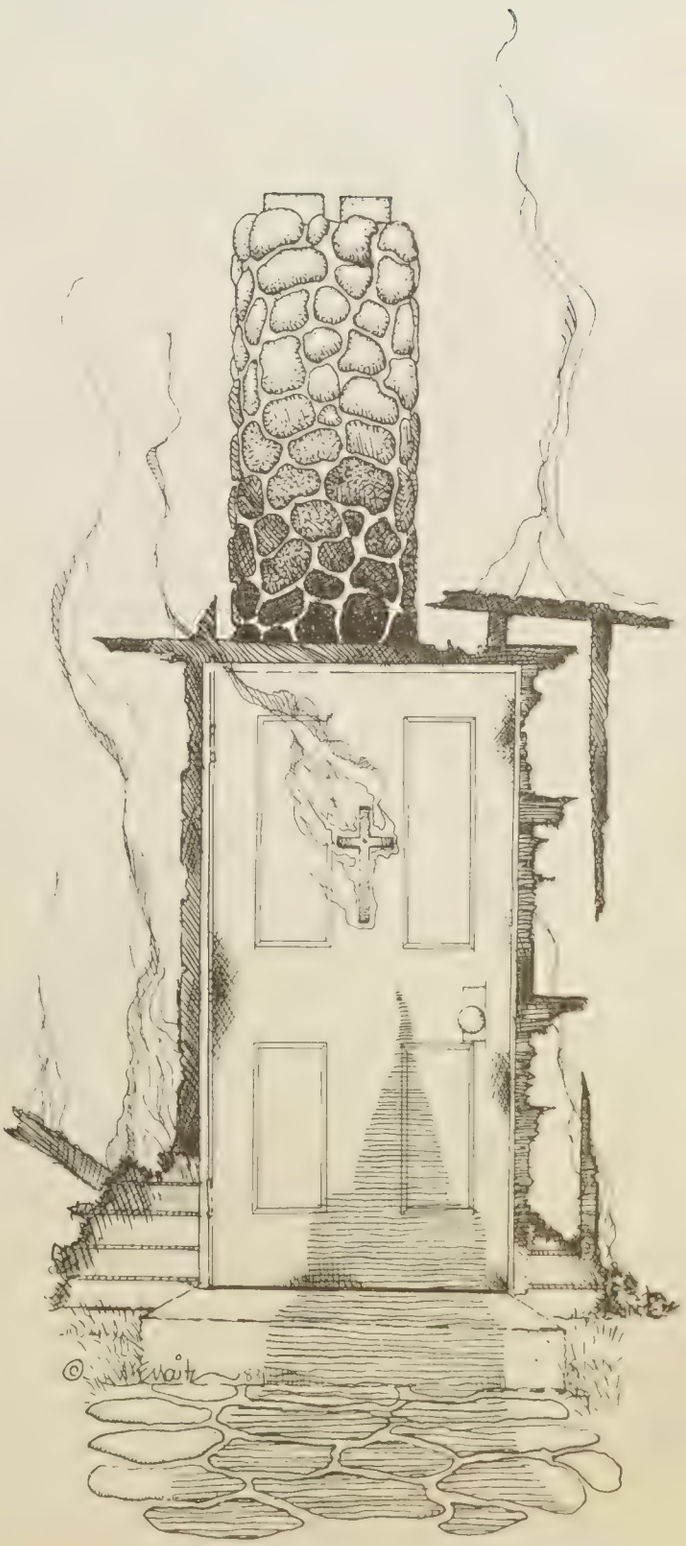
*[Chorus]*

He's got a girl and mine gave me the air
*To my way-ay, burn the house down,*
He's black and I'm white and it's bloody unfair—
*Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!*

*[Chorus]*

The curse of this country is niggers and Jews
*To my way-ay, burn the house down,*
I want what they've got and they always refuse—
*Nail up the cross and we'll burn the house down!*

*[Chorus]*



**Written in the 60's after fiery crosses *à la* Ku Klux Klan were reported to have been nailed on the doors of houses in Bradford, Yorkshire, occupied by Pakistani families. I revived it in 1981 after spotting an anti-Jewish slogan on a wall at a country railway station near my home in Somerset.**

# Common Sense on Civil Defence

Tune: traditional American, "Durant Jail"

Civil Defence will be no help at all—
We're going to catch hell when the Bombs start to fall!

Chorus:

It's high time to ban the Bomb—
It's high time you knew!

The Government shelters are under Whitehall—
They'll be "all right Jack" when Bombs start to fall!

[Chorus]

The Civil Defence blokes are comfortable too—
Shelters for them but there's no room for you!

[Chorus]

Whitewash your windows and fill up your bath,
Fireproof your curtains—now don't make me laugh!

[Chorus]

Clear out your attic, get under the stairs,
Four minutes' warning—just time for some prayers!

[Chorus]

We're lining up buckets to put out the Bomb—
Nobody thinks where the water comes from!

[Chorus]

If the West has one man and the Russians have none
I suppose that will mean that the war has been won!

[Chorus]

It's going to happen and that is a fact—
No one can stop it if nobody acts!

[Chorus]

We'll never get peace by preparing for war—
Preparing for peace is the way to be sure!

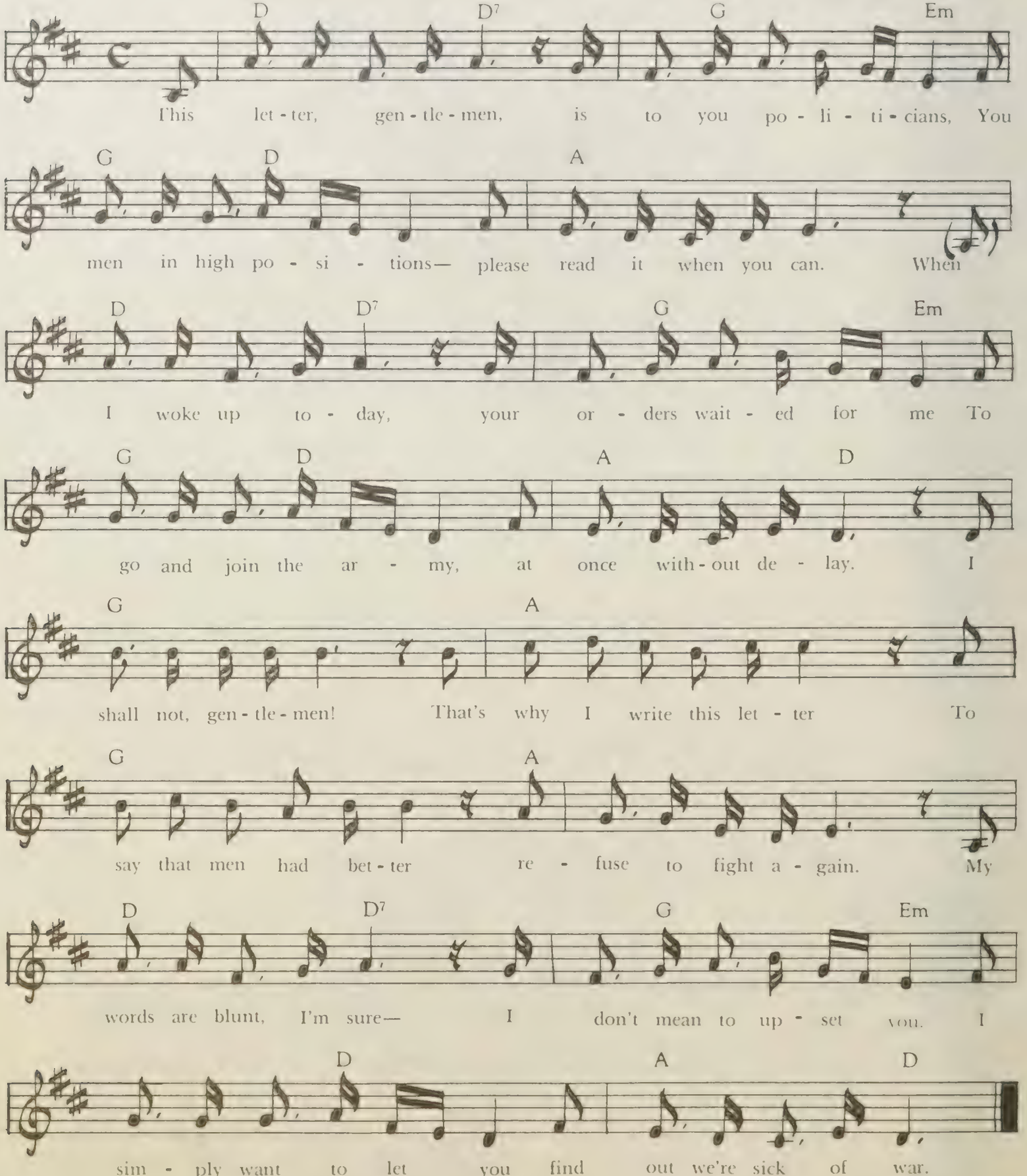
[Chorus]

**One of a great many songs that I donated to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, most of which were too topical to be worth reprinting...but cf. "The H-Bombs' Thunder", below.**

# The Deserter *(Le Déserteur)*

English version: John Brunner

Music: Boris Vian
from a recording by Mouloudji


D D7 G Em
This let-ter, gen-tle-men, is to you po-li-ti-cians, You
G D A
men in high po-si-tions— please read it when you can. When
D D7 G Em
I woke up to-day, your or-ders wait-ed for me To
G D A D
go and join the ar-my, at once with-out de-lay. I
G A
shall not, gen-tle-men! That's why I write this let-ter To
G A
say that men had bet-ter re-fuse to fight a-gain. My
D D7 G Em
words are blunt, I'm sure— I don't mean to up-set you. I
D A D
sim-ply want to let you find out we're sick of war.

This letter, gentlemen, is to you politicians,
You men in high positions—please read it when you can.
When I woke up today, your orders waited for me
To go and join the army, at once without delay.
I shall not, gentlemen! That's why I write this letter
To say that men had better refuse to fight again.
My words are blunt, I'm sure—I don't mean to upset you.
I simply want to let you find out we're sick of war.

I've seen for many years how they have killed the others,
Seen brothers snatched from brothers, and children lost in tears.
Mothers with swollen eyes weep while the rich, not hearing—
Too busy profiteering!—grow fat on crimes and lies.
I've seen the prisoners: what did they do to merit
This sapping of their spirit, this theft of what they were?
Tomorrow I'll begone! I'll slam the door behind me
On all that might remind me of cruelty and wrong.

Then I will take my way—around the world I'll travel
To speak out against evil, and everywhere I'll say:
It's good to be alive, for all mankind are brothers
In this land and all others, so help your brothers thrive.
If blood is to be shed, shed yours, you politicians,
You men in high positions, and be it on your head!
Pursue me if you will; call out your troops and arm them,
Tell them I will not harm them, and they may shoot to kill.

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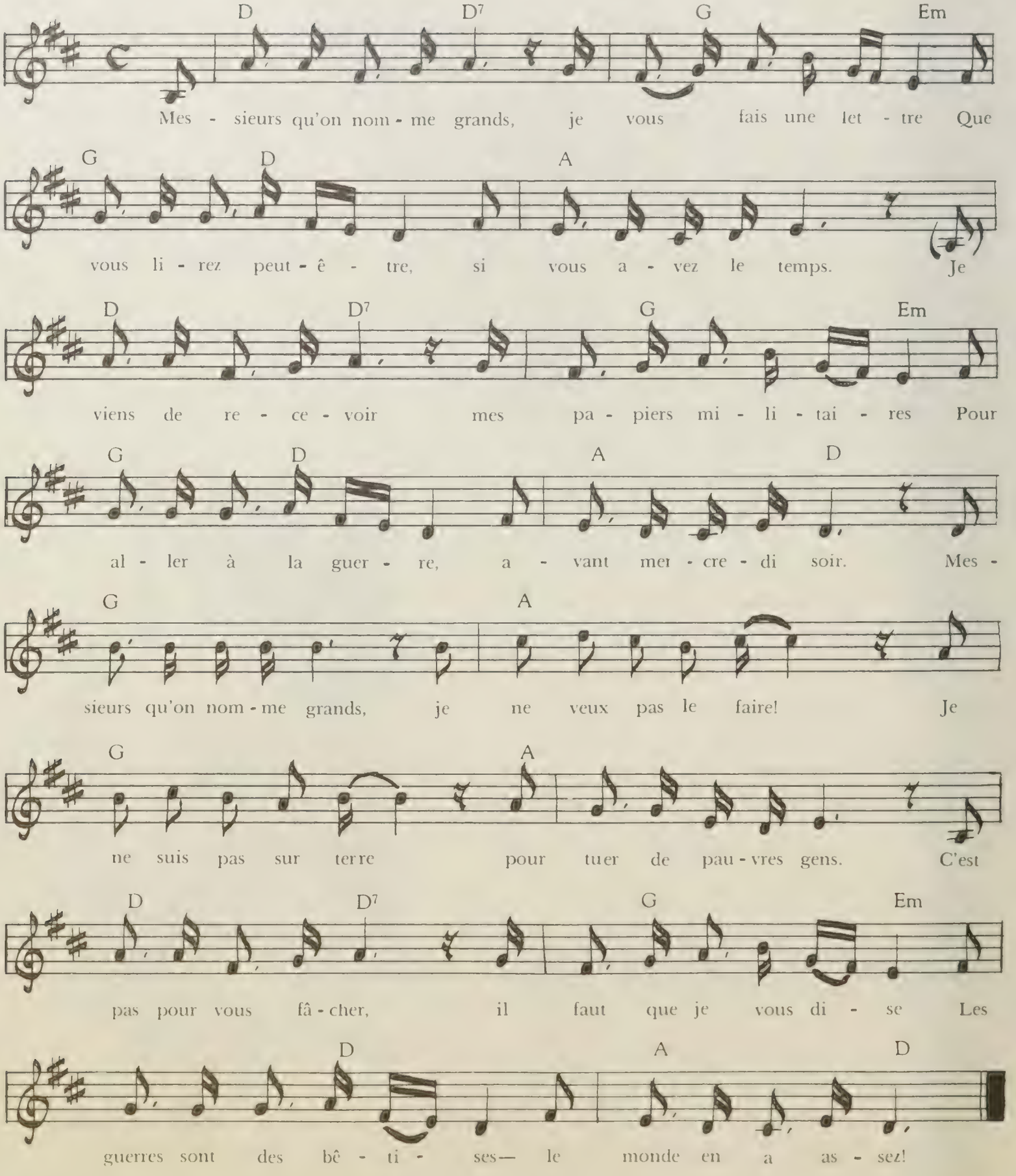
# *Le Déserteur*

by Boris Vian

transcribed from a recording by Mouloudji


D D7 G Em
Mes - sieurs qu'on nom - me grands, je vous fais une let - tre Que
G D A
vous li - rez peut - ê - tre, si vous a - vez le temps. Je
D D7 G Em
viens de re - ce - voir mes pa - piers mi - li - tai - res Pour
G D A D
al - ler à la guer - re, a - vant mer - cre - di soir. Mes -
G A
sieurs qu'on nom - me grands, je ne veux pas le faire! Je
G A
ne suis pas sur terre pour tuer de pau - vres gens. C'est
D D7 G Em
pas pour vous fâ - cher, il faut que je vous di - se Les
D A D
guerres sont des bê - ti - ses— le monde en a as - sez!

Messieurs qu'on nomme grands, je vous fais une lettre
Que vous lirez peut-être, si vous avez le temps.
Je viens de recevoir mes papiers militaires
Pour aller à la guerre, avant mercredi soir.
Messieurs qu'on nomme grands, je ne veux pas le faire!
Je ne suis pas sur terre pour tuer de pauvres gens.
C'est pas pour vous fâcher, il faut que je vous dise
Les guerres sont des bêtises—le monde en a assez!

Depuis que je suis né, j'ai vu mourir des pères,
J'ai vu partir des frères, et pleurer des enfants.
Les mères ont tant souffert, et d'autres se gobergent
Et vivent à leur aise, malgré la boue, le sang.
Il y a les prisonniers—on a volé leur âme,
On a volé leur femme, et tout leur cher passé.
Demain de bon matin, je fermerai ma porte
Au nez des années mortes, j'irai par les chemins.

Je mendirai ma vie, sur la terre et sur l'onde
Du vieux au nouveau monde, et je dirai aux gens:
Profitez de la vie, éloignez la misère;
Nous sommes tous des frères, gens de tous les pays.
S'il faut verser du sang, allez verser le vôtre,
Messieurs les bons apôtres, Messieurs qu'on nomme grands.
Si vous me poursuivez, prévenez vos gendarmes
Que je n'aurai pas d'armes, et qu'ils pourront tirer.

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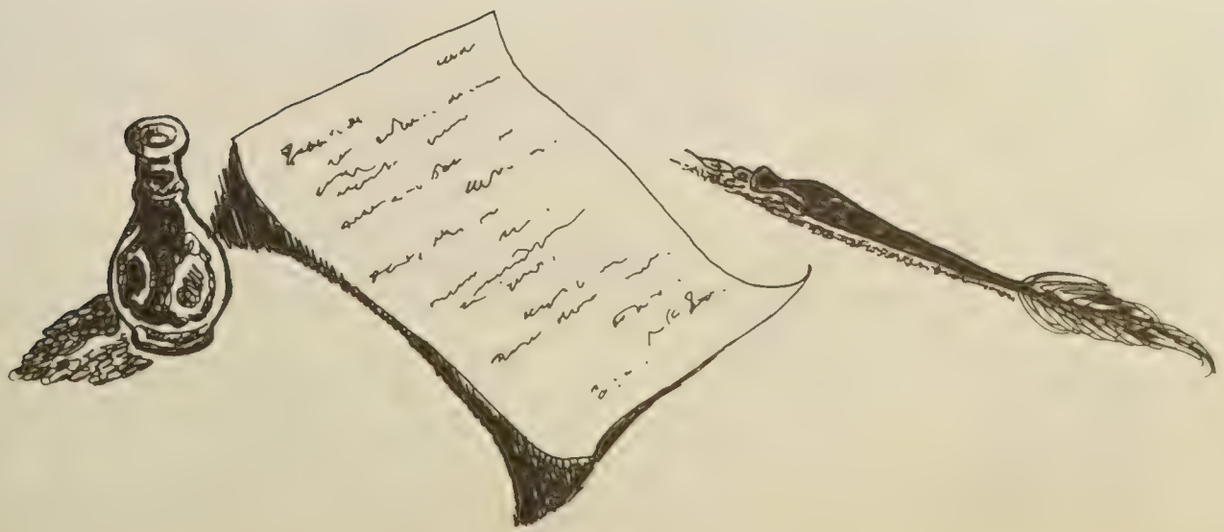


# The Disarmament Conference

Tune: American, "Coming Round the Mountain" (adapted)

G D G
There's a con - fer - ence in prog - ress and it's guard - ed by po-
D7 G D7
lice, A li - mou - sine is roll - ing up and out steps Char - lie
Em G D7
Peace, And Doc - tor Crip - pen's on the way and Dé - si - ré Lan -
C G D
dru And ru - mour says that Liz - zie Bor - den may be com - ing
G C D G
too! Si - ing - ing... I will if you will so will
D
I - aye - aye, I will if you will so will I - aye -
G C
aye! I will if you will, I will if
G D7 G
you will, I will if you will so will I!

I got the basic idea for this one from a friend and fellow worker in the CND, Adrian Cohen.

There's a conference in progress and it's guarded by police,
A limousine is rolling up and out steps Charlie Peace,
And Doctor Crippen's on the way and Désiré Landru
And rumour says that Lizzie Borden may be coming too!

*Si-ing-ing...*

*I will if you will so will I-aye-aye,*
*I will if you will so will I-aye-aye!*
*I will if you will, I will if you will,*
*I will if you will so will I!*

They've come to fix a quota for the murders they'll commit,
The numbers that they'll slaughter and the weapons they'll permit.
Some say they'll outlaw razorblades and some say cyanide
And some say other methods that they haven't even tried!

*Si-ing-ing...*

But the commentators tell us they're unlikely to agree
If anyone is killing who is not a conferee.
For all the pious hopes expressed the chance is pretty slim:
Jack the Ripper isn't here, they've not invited him!

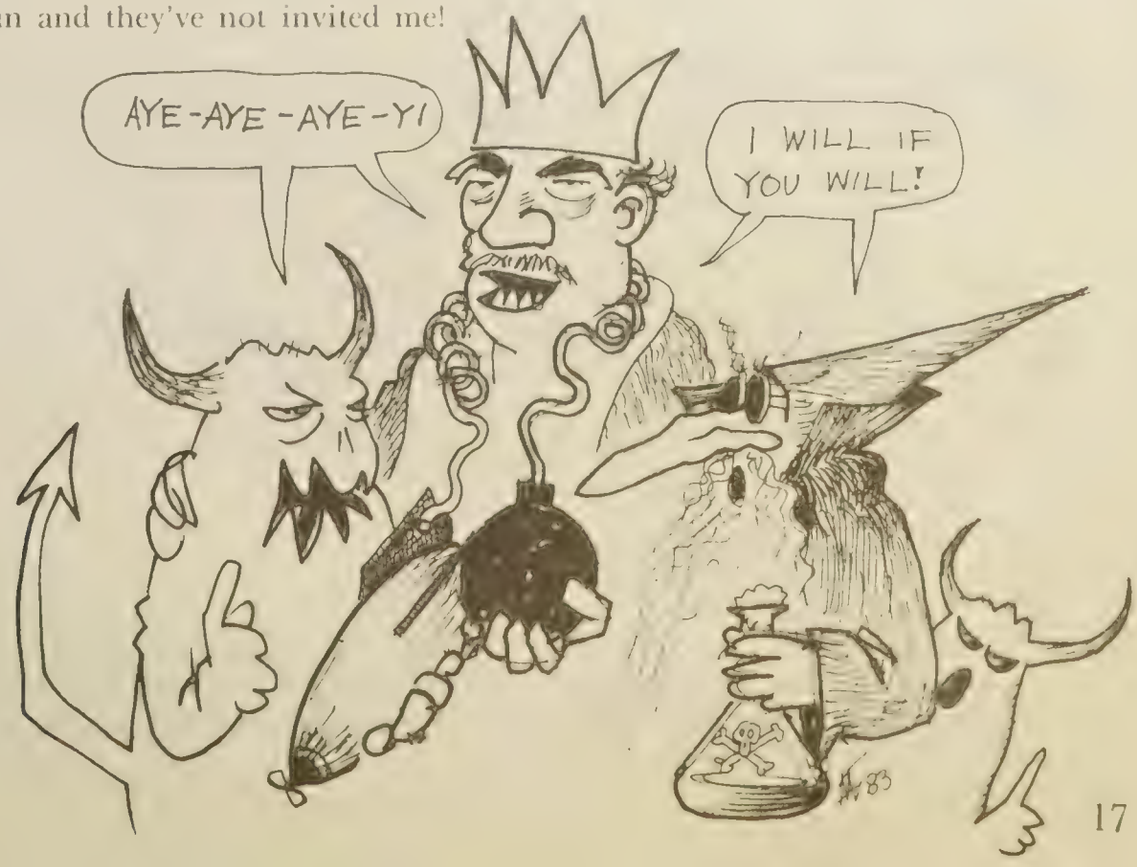
*Si-ing-ing...*

It was on the news this morning—down a lonely Limehouse street
Another corpse was stumbled on, blood-red from head to feet,
And pinned upon its garments they found Jack the Ripper's note:
"God damn your lousy conference if I'm not there to vote!"

*Si-ing-ing...*

So I guess they'll close the meeting and convene again next year,
Jack may join the others and a treaty may be near—
But none of them will sign it, that I promise faithfully:
I've bought myself a shotgun and they've not invited me!

*Si-ing-ing...*



# Don't Confuse Me with the Facts

Tune: 1930's American, "Poisoning the Students' Minds"

G Em Am7 D7
The Pen - ta - gon has bought a new com - pu - ter. It
G D7 G C#dim
says that what we do is right! The ge - ner - als are
D7 G A7 D7 G
rea - dy for the fu - ture— Com - pu - ters say we have to fight!
B7 Em (Em7)
Write the pro - gram, drop it in the slot, Leave out all that
(Em6) B7 E7 D7
com - mu - nis - tic rot! "Peo - ple want - ing free - dom"?
C7 B7 A7 D7
Free - dom's what we've got! Com - pu - ters say we have to, Com -
A7 D7 E7 A7 D7 G
pu - ters say we have to, Com - pu - ters say we have to fight!

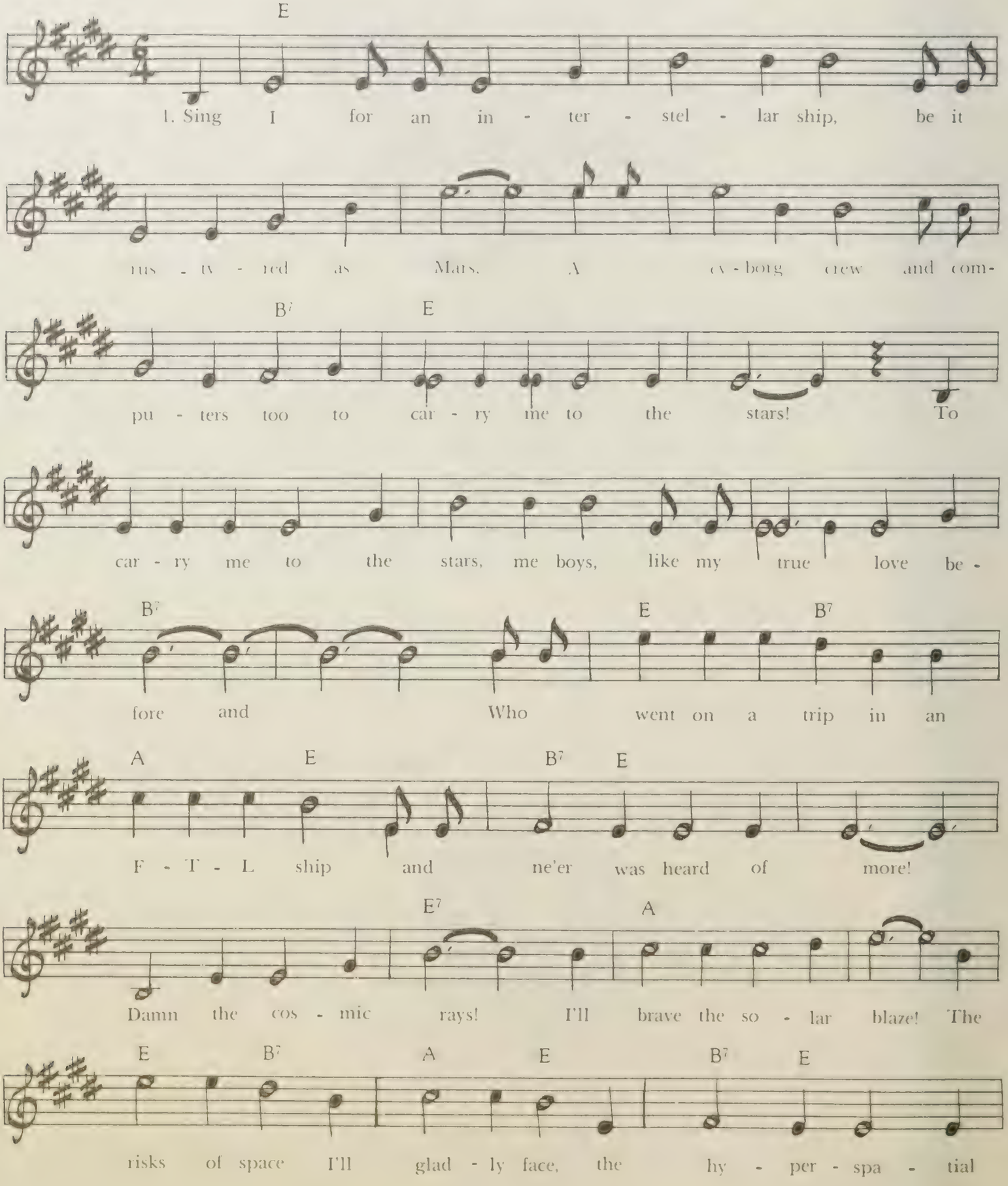
**Dedicated to the unknown American who, as reported by Lord Ritchie-Calder in a letter to the London *Times*, stood up at a Vietnam teach-in and contested the statements of someone who had been to Hanoi "because our computers don't agree with what he says."**

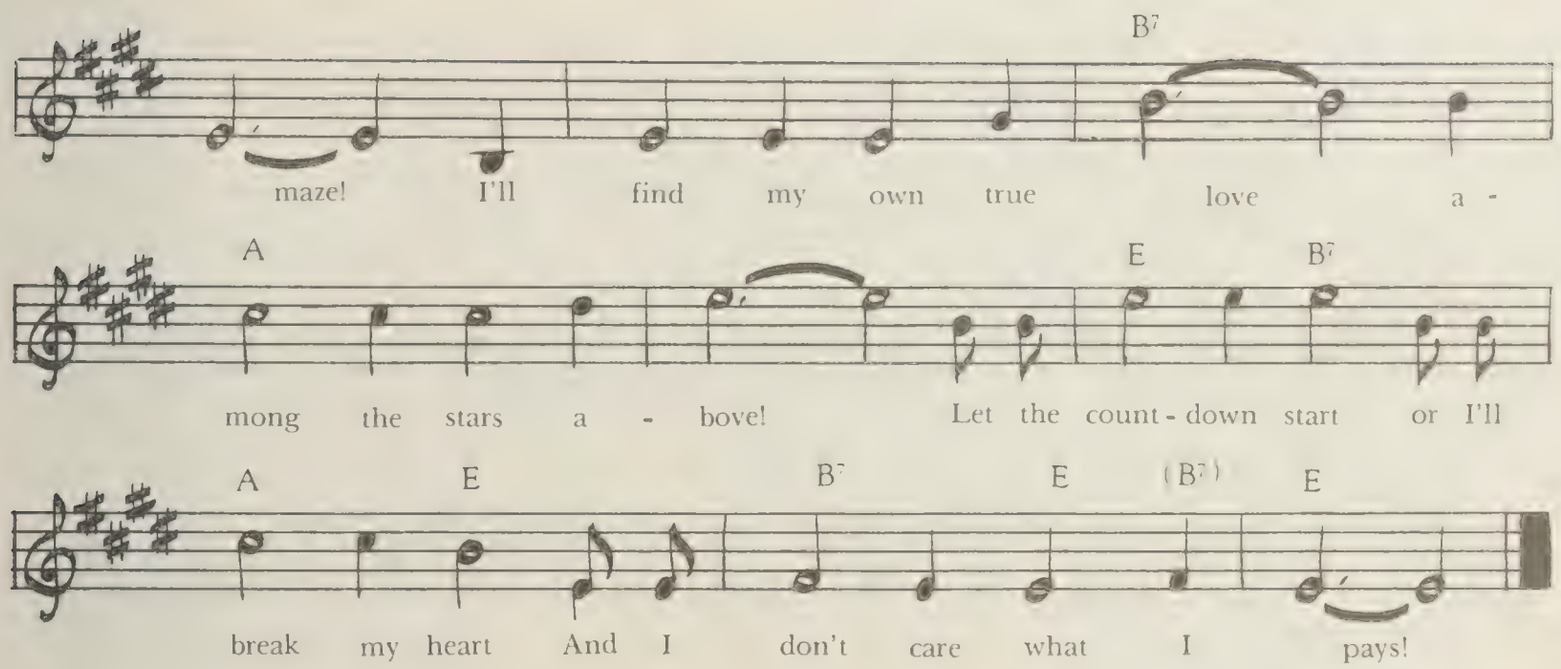
The Pentagon has bought a new computer.
It says that what we do is right!
The generals are ready for the future—
Computers say we have to fight!
    Write the program, drop it in the slot,
    Leave out all that communistic rot!
"People wanting freedom"? Freedom's what we've got!
    Computers say we have to,
    Computers say we have to,
    Computers say we have to fight!

Defeatists say we're murdering our youth.
Computers say that we shall win.
We know computers always tell the truth—
We chose the facts and fed them in!
    Left wing traitor, long enough you've jeered!
    Cut your hair off, shave your tangled beard—
So you've been to Hanoi? So that means you're weird!
    Computers say that we are,
    Computers say that we are,
    Computers say that we are right!

# Faithless Jack the Spaceman

Tune: traditional, "Ten Thousand Miles Away"


E
1. Sing I for an in - ter - stel - lar ship, be it
rus - ty - red as Mars. A cy - borg crew and com-
B7 E
pu - ters too to car - ry me to the stars! To
car - ry me to the stars, me boys, like my true love be -
B7 E B7
fore and Who went on a trip in an
A E B7 E
F - T - L ship and ne'er was heard of more!
E7 A
Damn the cos - mic rays! I'll brave the so - lar blaze! The
E B7 A E B7 E
risks of space I'll glad - ly face, the hy - per - spa - tial




2. Sing I for an ultra-radio that can bring me news of Jack—
   A whisper'll do, just a word or two to say he's coming back!
   Or does he perhaps lie dead, me boys, on a strange planet's shore?
   Are his bones left to bleach on an alien beach or in some monster's maw?
   Damn the meteorites! I'm steeled for horrid sights!
   Though spatial warps may hide his corpse I'll give it funeral rites!
   I'll find my own true love among the stars above,
   And the beast I'll split open bit by bit
   To bring his bones to light!

3. Or is his a fouler fate than that, and upon Arcturus Two
   Has he been betrayed by an alien maid with skin of a lustrous blue,
   With hair of a purple hue, me boys, in a stellar paradise?
   I'll race into space and I'll spit in her face and I'll claw out all her eyes!
   Damn that alien she, whoever she may be!
   Though girls with fur he may prefer to Earthly girls like me
   I'll find my own true love among the stars above,
   And he knows quite well that I'll give him hell
   For his inconstancy!

**Written because I can't really believe in girls, up there in the future, who would be as fickle and easily swayed as the heroine usually turns out to be in songs like "Johnny Todd".**

# Fit for Human Consumption

Tune: traditional, "Come All Ye Tramps and Hawking Lads"

C G7 Dm C G7 C G7
Of all the jobs in Eng - a - land the land - lord's is the
C F C
best— He takes our mo - ney and drinks his wine and
G7 F G7 C
lays him down to rest. He lies be - tween his
F C G7 F
sa - tin sheets in a bed that's warm and dry, And his
C G7 Dm C G7 C G7
sleep is sound for the walls a - round shut out our ba - by's
C F C
cry. There are fleas and rats in these fil - thy flats and the
G7 F C G7
toi - let's sprung a leak, But the land - lord cares for the
Dm C G7 C G7 C
stocks and shares our rent will buy next week.

**In 1971 Shelter, the British campaign for better housing, issued a report describing the appalling conditions that existed—and, to our shame, still do—in much privately-rented accommodation, so I donated them this song, and it appeared in a book they published to raise money for their cause.**

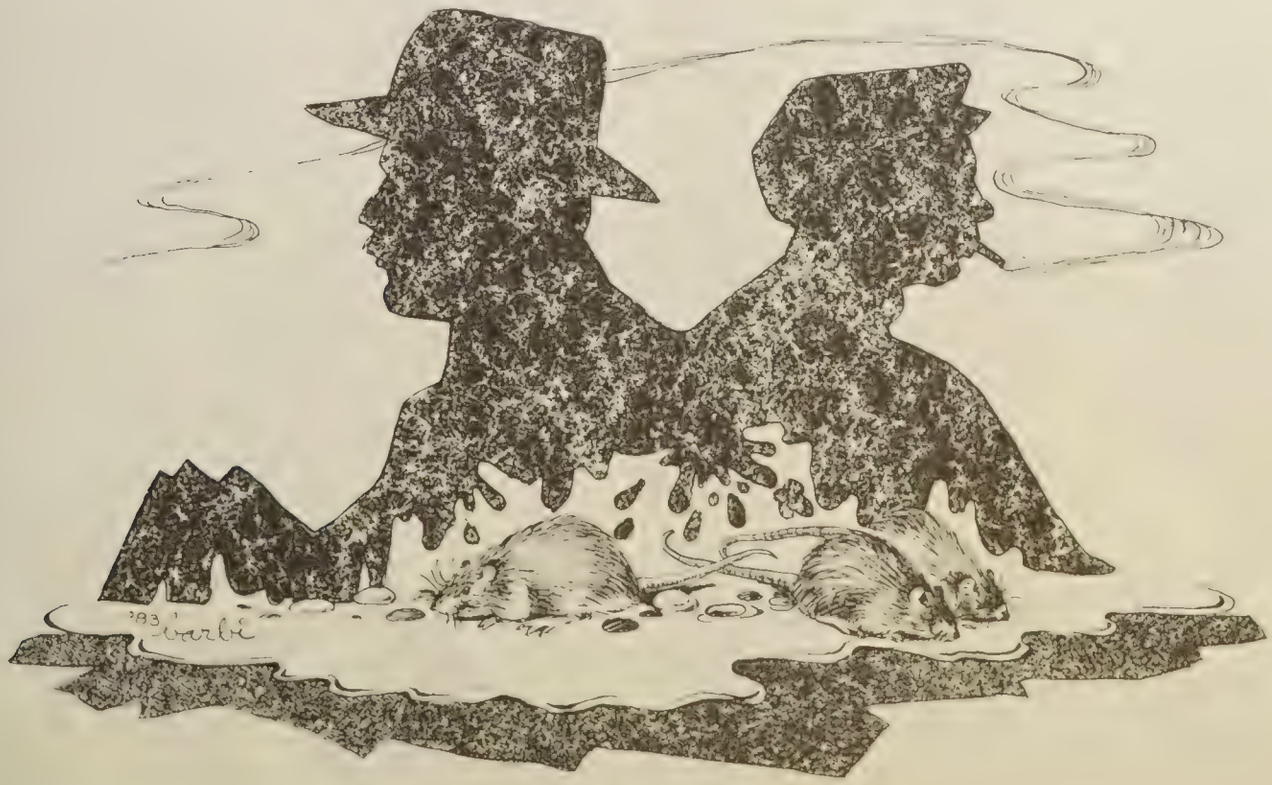
Of all the jobs in Eng-a-land the landlord's is the best—
He takes our money and drinks his wine and lays him down to rest.
He lies between his satin sheets in a bed that's warm and dry,
And his sleep is sound for the walls around shut out our baby's cry.
There are fleas and rats in these filthy flats and the toilet's sprung a leak,
But the landlord cares for the stocks and shares our rent will buy next week.

I went to see the landlord and I acted most polite,
I told him of the rats and fleas that plague us every night.
He poured me full of whisky and he sent me home by car
And he raised our rent twenty-five per cent to help re-stock his bar.
For the landlord's house never saw a mouse, let alone a rat or flea—
I believe he thinks that our leaks and stinks are all imagin'ry!

We had to have the doctor, and he came around to call.
We showed him broken windows and the fungus on the wall,
We showed him pools of water, showed him dry-rot in the floor,
And he said we should have it all made good for that's against the law,
But we'd best be quick as the kid was sick and he mustn't catch a chill—
That was months ago for the law is slow and the baby's coughing still.

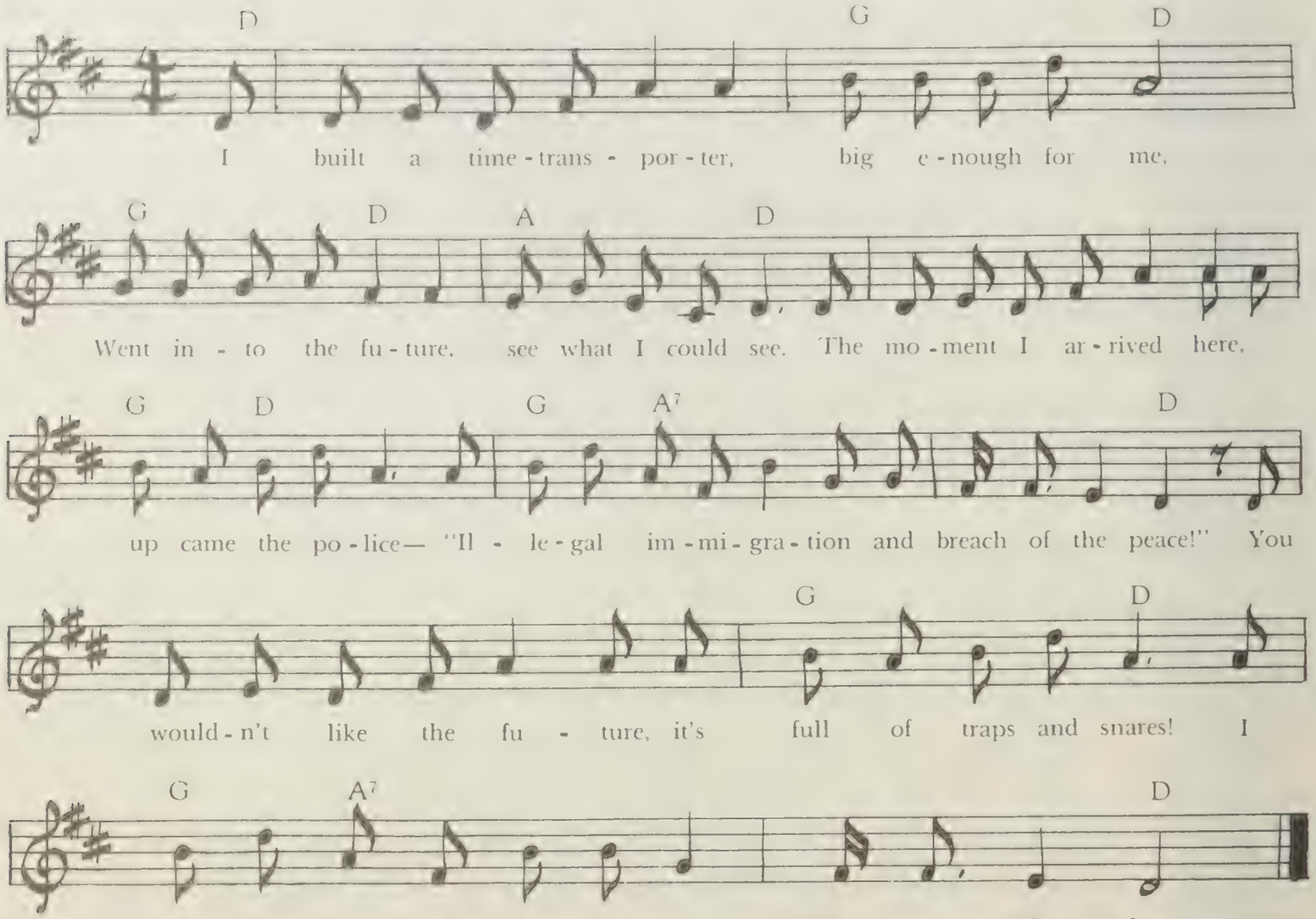
There's sewage draining down the wall behind the kitchen sink—
Make all the laws you like to make and sewage still will stink!
I went to tell the council, but the mayor cried, "Police!
The landlord swears he can't make repairs, he rang me up from Nice!"
Oh, they gave me bail, but I'd rather jail, it might help to save my health,
For I tell you this, that the shit and piss are fertilizing wealth!

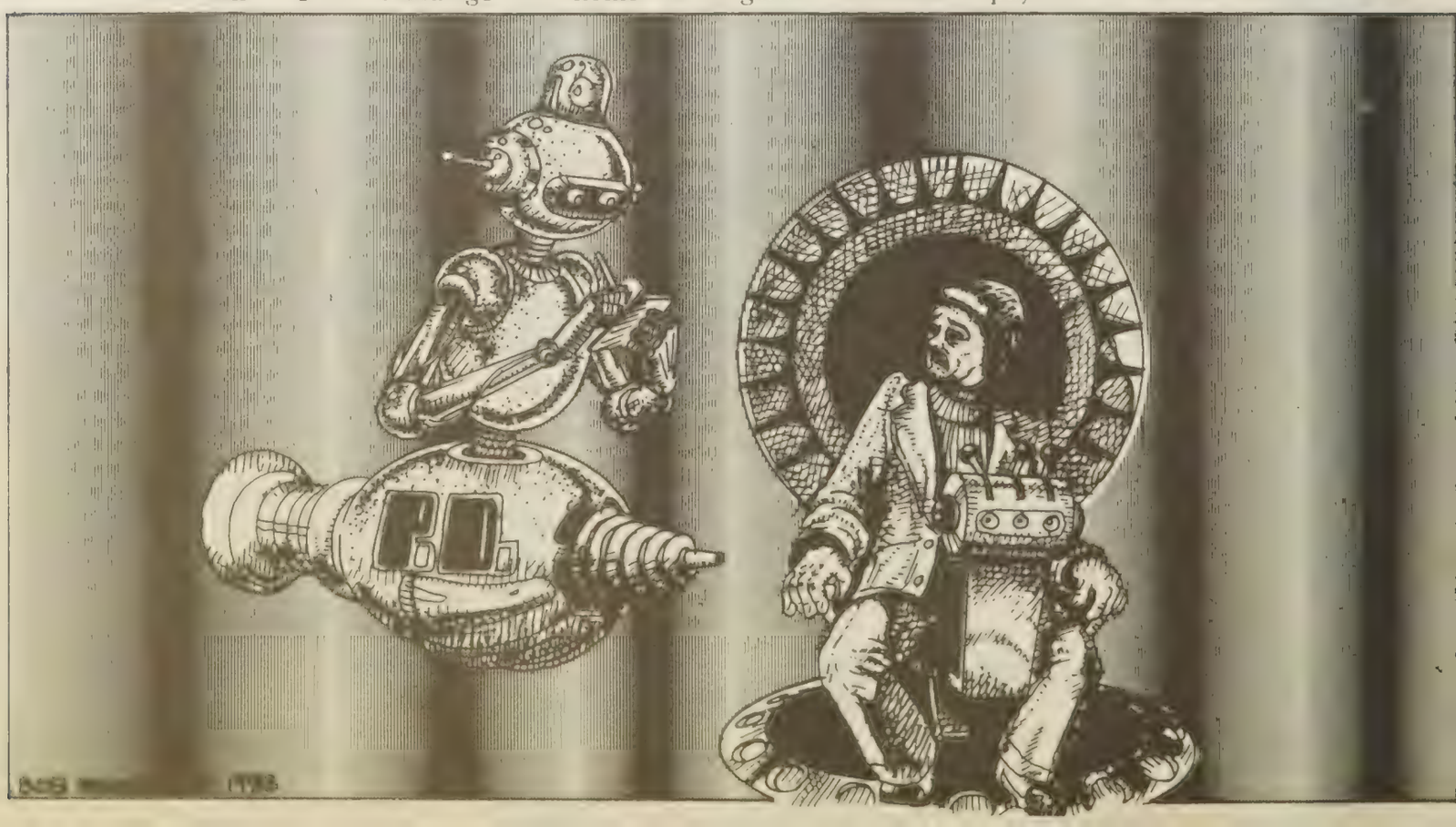
I want to lay the landlord down in the bed I have to use,
I want the damp to rot his clothes, the mould to foul his shoes,
I want to see him shiver, want to hear his chattering teeth,
Join him in the queue for the only loo where the pee drips out beneath,
Feed him chips and beans and a pan of greens instead of *coq au vin*,
Let him smell disease every time he breathes and see how long he can!



# The Future Shock Song

Tune: traditional English, "I Had a Little Nut Tree"


D G D
I built a time-trans-por-ter, big e-nough for me,
G D A D
Went in-to the fu-ture, see what I could see. The mo-ment I ar-rived here,
G D G A7 D
up came the po-lice— "Il-le-gal im-mi-gra-tion and breach of the peace!" You
G D
would-n't like the fu-ture, it's full of traps and snares! I
G A7 D
wish I could go home a-gain— can't pay the fare!



I built a time-transporter, big enough for me,
Went into the future, see what I could see.
The moment I arrived here, up came the police—
"Illegal immigration and breach of the peace!"

Chorus:

You wouldn't like the future, it's full of traps and snares!
I wish I could go home again—can't pay the fare!

I went into a rest'rant, see what I could eat,
Ordered steak and salad, followed by a sweet.
The restaurant computer told me with a sneer,
"You'll eat what you are given 'cos I'm in charge here!"

[Chorus]

When night fell on the city, went to rent a room—
More and more computers filled my heart with gloom.
Soon as I gave my birth-date, this is what they said:
"You better try the graveyard for by now you're dead!"

[Chorus]

I thought I'd make a living, teaching of the past,
Found a top historian, he left me aghast.
To everything I told him came the same old song—
"My books all disagree and so you must be wrong!"

[Chorus]

I bought a little Martian, kept it for a pet,
Couldn't read the label, let the thing get wet.
But rain is bad for Martians, made my pet explode—
So now I have to pay for a hole in the road.

[Chorus]

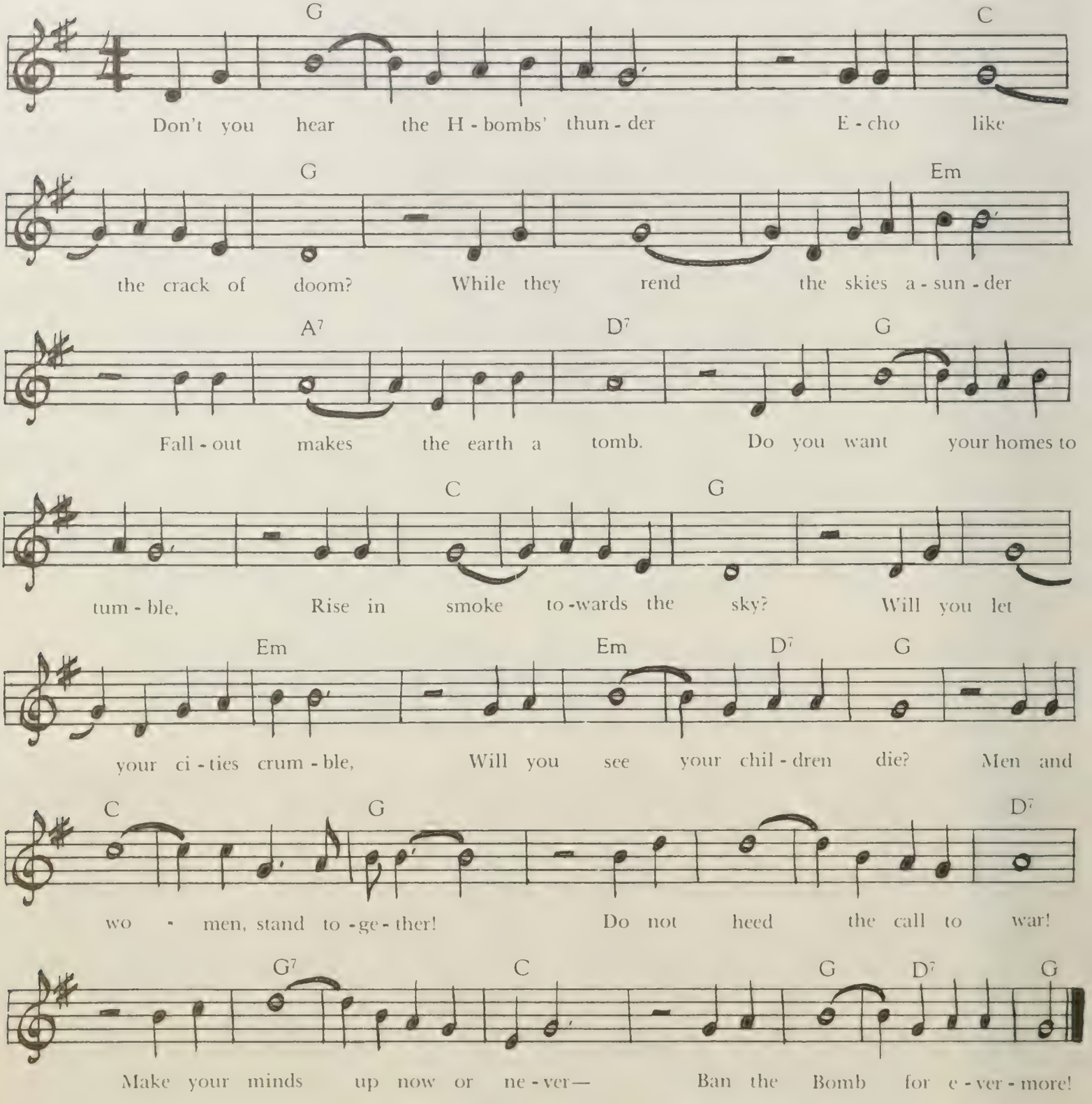
Forget about the future—you take my advice!
I'm up in the future, and it isn't nice!
The people think I'm crazy, computers think I'm dead;
I wish I hadn't come here—I shoulda stood in bed!

[Chorus]

**This was written for the program book of Faircon 1981, in Glasgow, Scotland, to which I was kindly invited as guest of honor.**

# The H-Bombs' Thunder

Tune: traditional American, "Miner's Lifeguard",
aka "Life Is Like a Mountain Railway"


G
C
Don't you hear the H - bombs' thun - der E - cho like
G
Em
the crack of doom? While they rend the skies a - sun - der
A7
D7
G
Fall - out makes the earth a tomb. Do you want your homes to
C
G
tum - ble, Rise in smoke to - wards the sky? Will you let
Em
Em
D7
G
your ci - ties crum - ble, Will you see your chil - dren die? Men and
C
G
D7
wo - men, stand to - ge - ther! Do not heed the call to war!
G7
C
G
D7
G
Make your minds up now or ne - ver— Ban the Bomb for e - ver - more!

**I wrote this, my most successful song, for a protest march to the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston, in 1958, and assigned the copyright to CND; it has often been described as the National Anthem of the British peace movement.**

Don't you hear the H-bombs' thunder
Echo like the crack of doom?
While they rend the skies asunder
Fallout makes the earth a tomb.
Do you want your homes to tumble,
Rise in smoke towards the sky?
Will you let your cities crumble,
Will you see your children die?

Chorus:

Men and women, stand together!
Do not heed the call to war!
Make your minds up now or never—
Ban the Bomb for evermore!

Tell the leaders of the nations,
Make the whole wide world take heed:
Poison from the radiations
Strikes at every race and creed.
Must you put mankind in danger,
Murder folk in distant lands?
Will you bring death to a stranger,
Have his blood upon your hands?

[Chorus]

Shall we lay the world in ruin?
Only you can make the choice.
Stop and think of what you're doing—
Join the march, and raise your voice!
Time is short—we must be speedy:
We can see the hungry filled,
House the homeless, help the needy—
Shall we blast, or shall we build?

[Chorus]

# Lament for the Land

Tune: "Farewell to the Creeks" by Pipe-Major Robertson,
aka "The Highland Division's Farewell to Sicily"

C F C
1. The bunt-ing is fly-ing, the breeze lifts our flag— The Tor-ies have made it no
2. There's mourn-ing in cit-ies, there's grief by the coast— The boss-es in White-hall are
G C F C
more than a rag! They're turn-ing our coun-try to rub-ble and slag, For
drink-ing a toast! Did e-ver a trai-tor more bla-tant-ly boast While
G C
Bri-tain was great and she's dy-ing. The cham-pagne is flow-ing and
those he be-trayed were a-cry-ing? From Li-zard in Corn-wall to
F C G
they're o-ver-joyed By pro-fits they made on the land they des-troyed. The
John o' Groats cape Take flags from their poles and hang fu-ner-al crape— Since
C F C
price was so low—just a few un-em-ployed! Three mil-lion was not worth de-
we can't hang those who com-mit-ted this rape Though Bri-tain was great and she's
G C F C F C
ny-ing! So good-bye our lost pros-per-i-ty, Say good-bye to
dy-ing. Say good-bye to Leeds and Li-ver-pool, Say good-bye to
G C F G C
ho-nour and pride And good-bye to old in-te-gri-ty—
Hum-ber and Tyne, You must go so Mag-gie can give a ghoul
G C F
Bri-tain was great and she's dy-ing. And good-bye our
Bits of the na-tion that's dy-ing. And good-bye the

G F C G

friends the Com - mon - wealth, Say good - bye to black and to brown, Been
tongue that Mil - ton spake, Say good - bye and watch on the Rhine, For

C F G C

sold out so crooks can sum - mon wealth— Bri - tain was great and she's
so long as rich men eat fil - let steak Who cares if poor men are

G C G F C

dy - ing. They've sold the land and all the folk of it
dy - ing? So curse the names of those who've cheat - ed us,

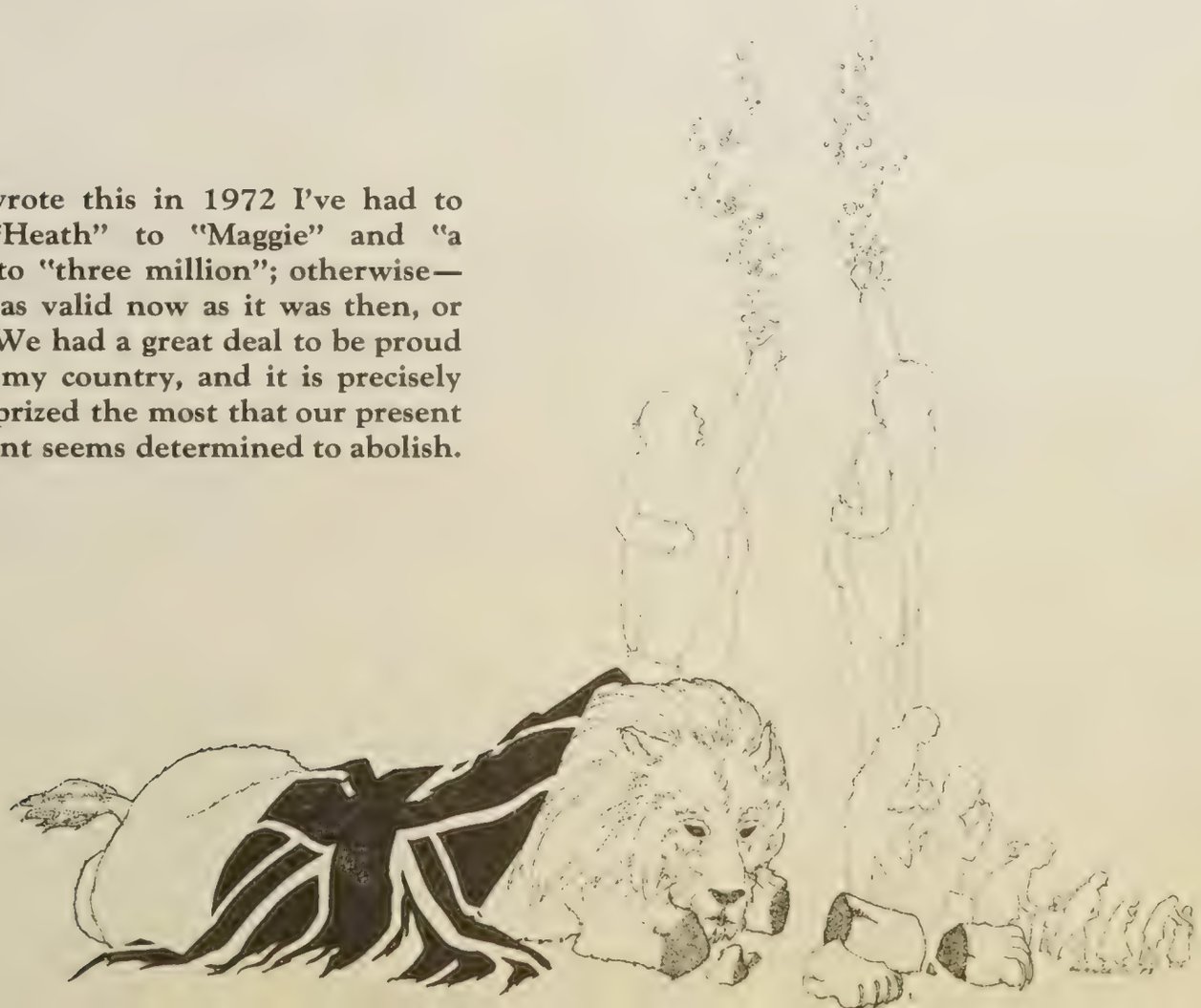
F C G C F

(Don't com - plain, they'll put you in - side), They've sold the land and
Those who lead by tell - ing us lies. The foe with - in at

G C G C

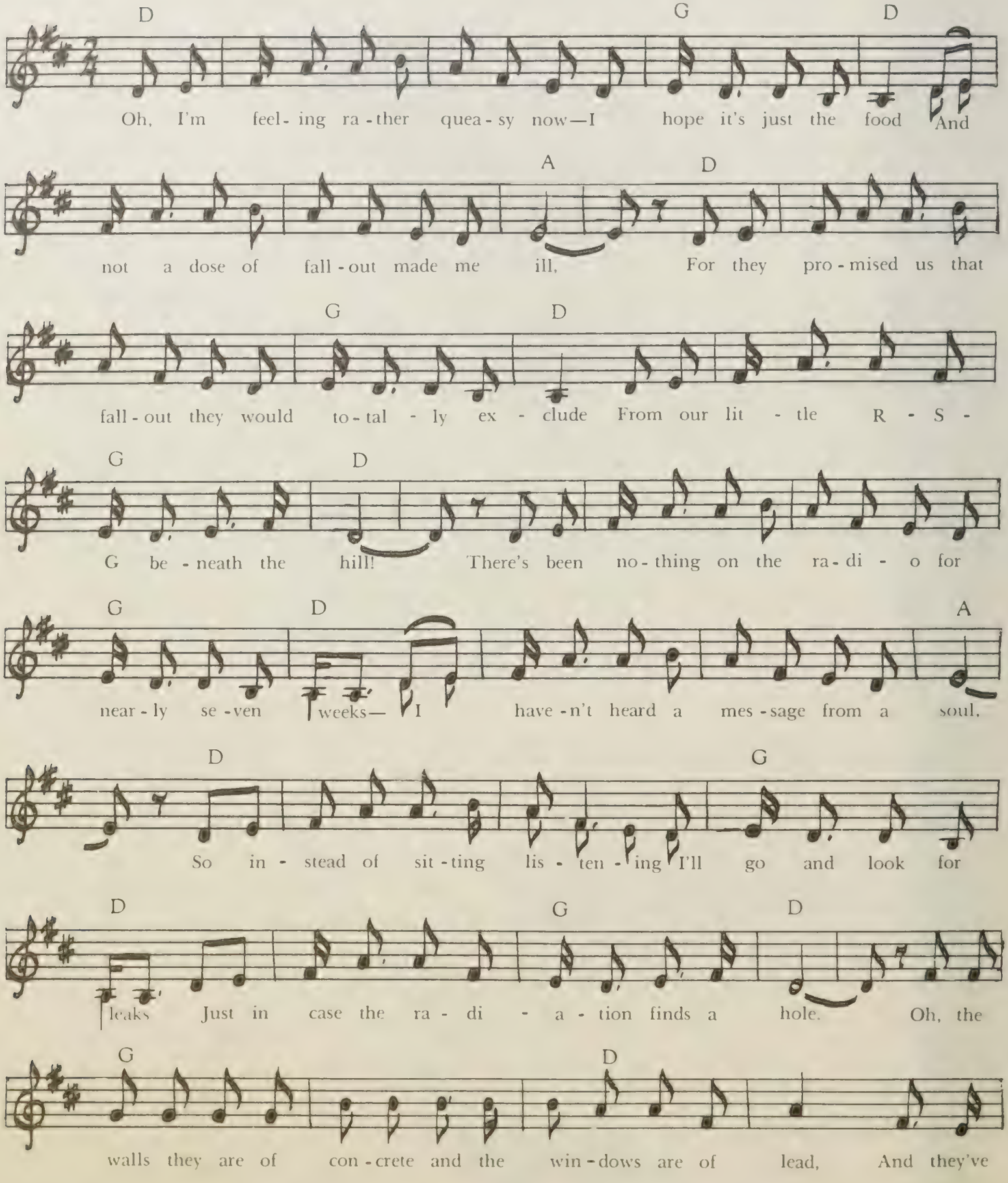
made a joke of it— Bri - tain was great and she's dy - ing.
last de - feat - ed us— Bri - tain was great and she's dy - ing.

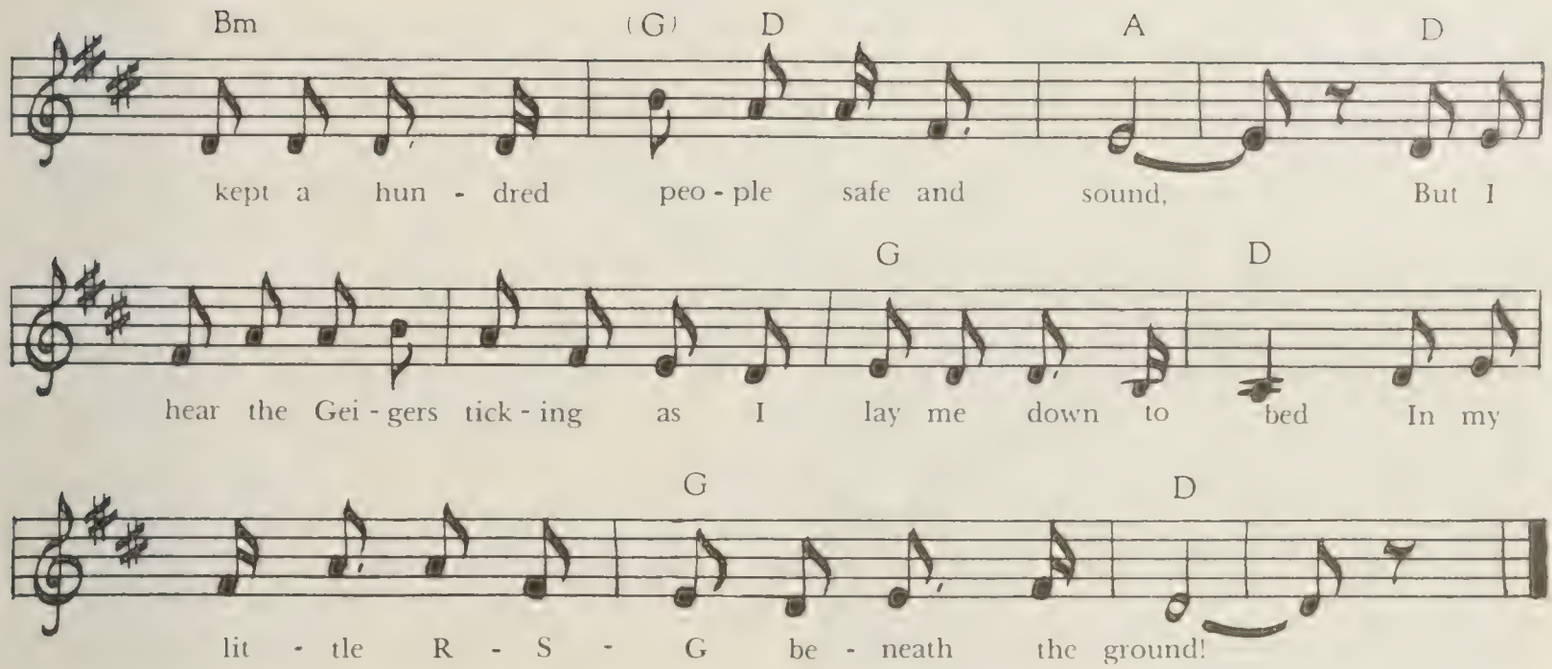
**Since I wrote this in 1972 I've had to change "Heath" to "Maggie" and "a million" to "three million"; otherwise—alas—it's as valid now as it was then, or more so. We had a great deal to be proud about in my country, and it is precisely what we prized the most that our present government seems determined to abolish.**



# The Little RSG

Tune: traditional, "The Little Old Sod Shanty on the Plain"


D G D
Oh, I'm feel-ing ra-ther quea-sy now—I hope it's just the food And
A D
not a dose of fall-out made me ill, For they pro-mised us that
G D
fall-out they would to-tal-ly ex-clude From our lit-tle R-S-
G D
G be-neath the hill! There's been no-thing on the ra-di-o for
G D A
near-ly se-ven weeks— I have-n't heard a mes-sage from a soul,
D G
So in-stead of sit-ting lis-ten-ing I'll go and look for
D G D
leaks Just in case the ra-di-a-tion finds a hole. Oh, the
G D
walls they are of con-crete and the win-dows are of lead, And they've


Bm (G) D A D
kept a hun - dred peo - ple safe and sound, But I
G D
hear the Gei - gers tick - ing as I lay me down to bed In my
G D
lit - tle R - S - G be - neath the ground!

Oh, I'm feeling rather queasy now—I hope it's just the food
And not a dose of fallout made me ill,
For they promised us that fallout they would totally exclude
From our little RSG beneath the hill!
There's been nothing on the radio for nearly seven weeks—
I haven't heard a message from a soul,
So instead of sitting listening I'll go and look for leaks
Just in case the radiation finds a hole.
Oh, the walls they are of concrete and the windows are of lead,
And they've kept a hundred people safe and sound,
But I hear the Geigers ticking as I lay me down to bed
In my little RSG beneath the ground!

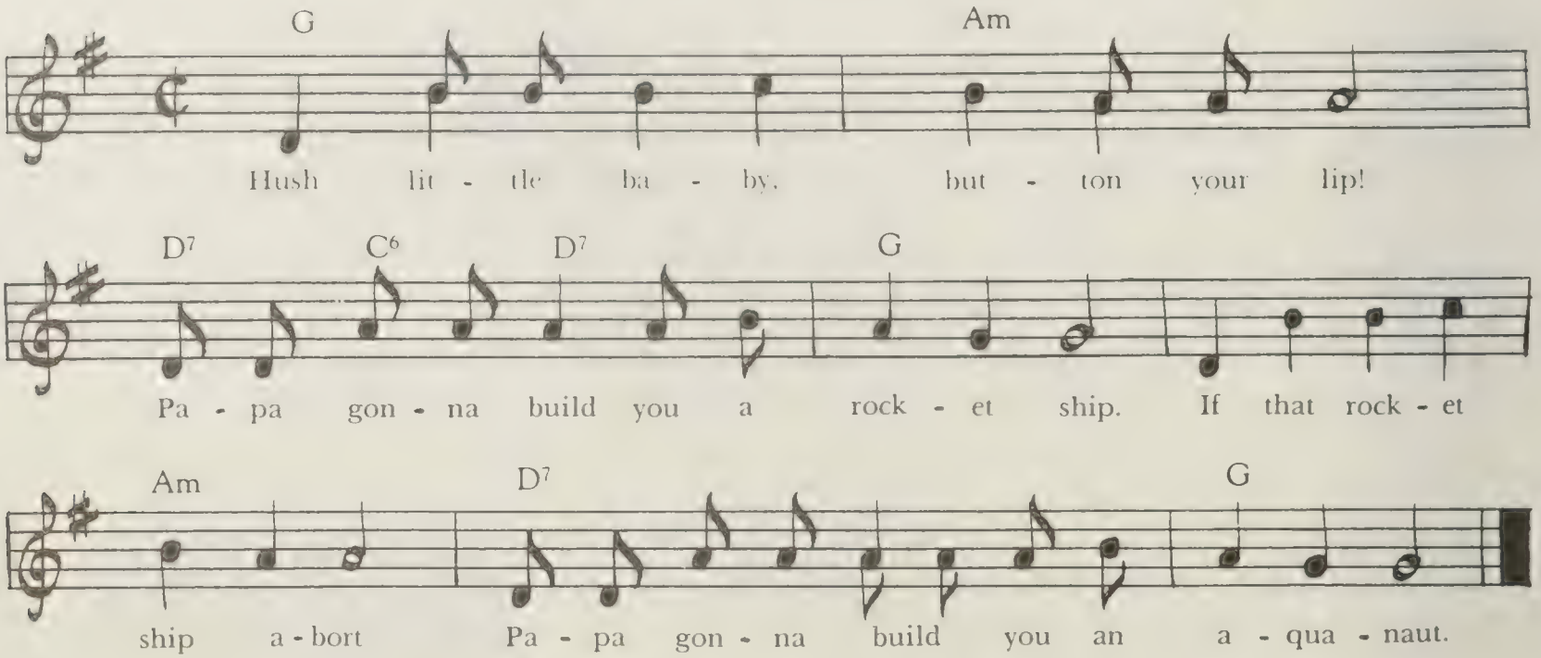
I'm a most important person! I was cleared by MI5—
Oh, they screened and screened till they could screen no more,
And they said I was a citizen well fitted to survive
And help Britain to recover from the war.
They said my job would be to issue edicts against riot,
Stop the people looting shops and robbing banks,
But I haven't issued one because—well, everything's so quiet!
And all my lovely forms are still just blanks!
Oh, the walls they are of concrete and the windows are of lead,
And they've kept a dozen people safe and sound,
But I hear the Geigers ticking as I lay me down to bed
In my little RSG beneath the ground!

I have power to force conscription, make survivors into slaves,
I've a million cardboard coffins to be filled.
It's a job that should be done, you know—an awful lot of graves
Must be needed with so many people killed!
I was rather looking forward to unholstering my gun
And ensuring that my area was clear,
But of my million coffins I have used up—ninety-one,
And all the ninety-one were filled down here!
Oh, the walls they are of concrete and the windows are of lead,
And they've kept a lone survivor safe and sound,
But I hear the Geigers ticking as I lay me down...for dead
In my little RSG beneath the ground!

**Among the duties with which the personnel of Britain's RSG's (Regional Seats of Government) will supposedly be changed after a nuclear war are burial of the dead, conscription of "special labour", and proclamations against rioting.**

# Lullaby for the Mad Scientist's Daughter

Tune: traditional American, "Hush Little Baby Don't Say a Word"


G
Am
Hush lit - tle ba - by, but - ton your lip!
D7
C6
D7
G
Pa - pa gon - na build you a rock - et ship. If that rock - et
Am
D7
G
ship a - bort Pa - pa gon - na build you an a - qua - naut.

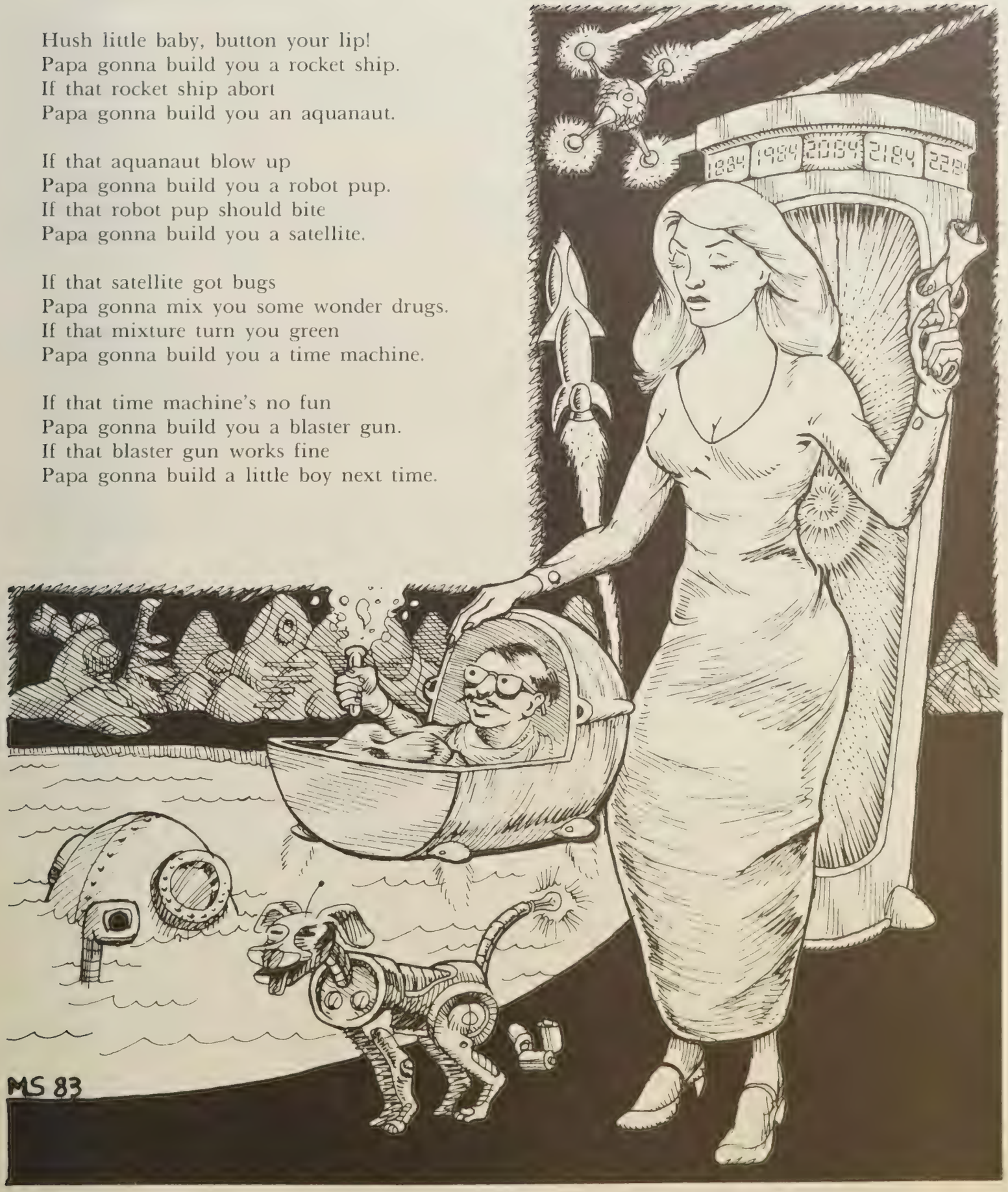
**On meeting that stock character in old B movies, the mad scientist with a beautiful daughter, I could never help wondering whether he went insane before the young lady was born... or after, and because.**

Hush little baby, button your lip!
Papa gonna build you a rocket ship.
If that rocket ship abort
Papa gonna build you an aquanaut.

If that aquanaut blow up
Papa gonna build you a robot pup.
If that robot pup should bite
Papa gonna build you a satellite.

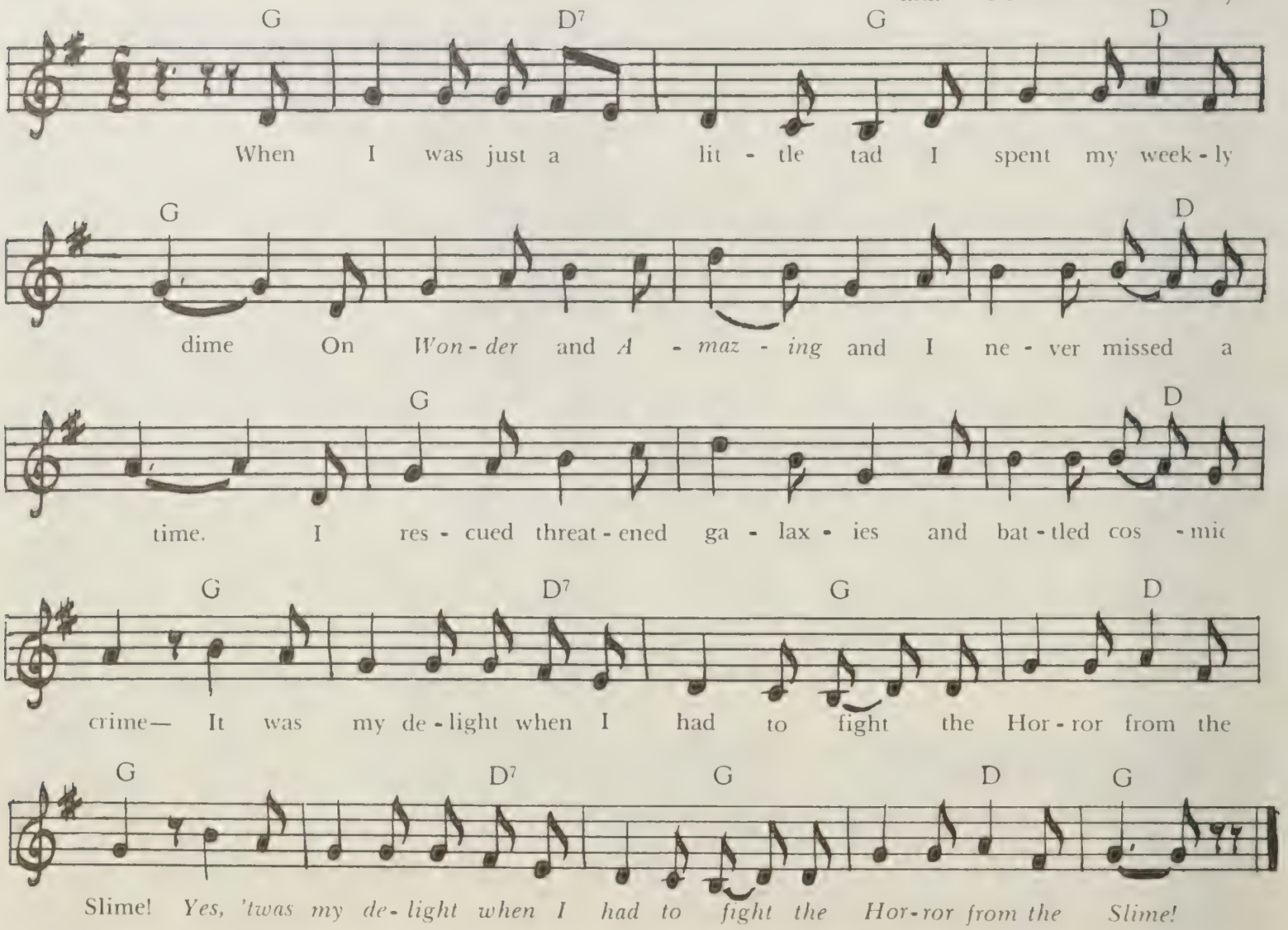
If that satellite got bugs
Papa gonna mix you some wonder drugs.
If that mixture turn you green
Papa gonna build you a time machine.

If that time machine's no fun
Papa gonna build you a blaster gun.
If that blaster gun works fine
Papa gonna build a little boy next time.



# "Not 'Wanderlust'—Wonder Lost!"

Tune: traditional English, "The Lincolnshire Poacher",
aka "The Little Tailor Boy"


G D7 G D
When I was just a lit - tle tad I spent my week - ly
G D
dime On *Won - der* and *A - maz - ing* and I ne - ver missed a
G D
time. I res - cued threat - ened ga - lax - ies and bat - tled cos - mic
G D7 G D
crime— It was my de - light when I had to fight the Hor - ror from the
G D7 G D G
Slime! *Yes, 'twas my de - light when I had to fight the Hor - ror from the Slime!*

**Or, putting it another way, "Make love, not war!"**

When I was just a little tad I spent my weekly dime
On *Wonder* and *Amazing* and I never missed a time.
I rescued threatened galaxies and battled cosmic crime—
It was my delight when I had to fight the Horror from the Slime!
*Yes, 'twas my delight when I had to fight the Horror from the Slime!*

*Astounding* came along and so my sense of wonder grew,
With robots and telepathy and atom-power too,
And Captain Future had his gang who always saw him through—
They went to Mars and they toured the stars and I was in the crew!
*Yes, they went to Mars and they toured the stars and I was in the crew!*

There were monsters on the covers which made *Planet* too a must,
A pretty girl in scant attire exposing half her bust,
Temptation to the B-E-M she knew she couldn't trust—
If you read its mind you were sure to find a-bom-in-able lust!
*Yes, if you read its mind you were sure to find a-bom-in-able lust!*

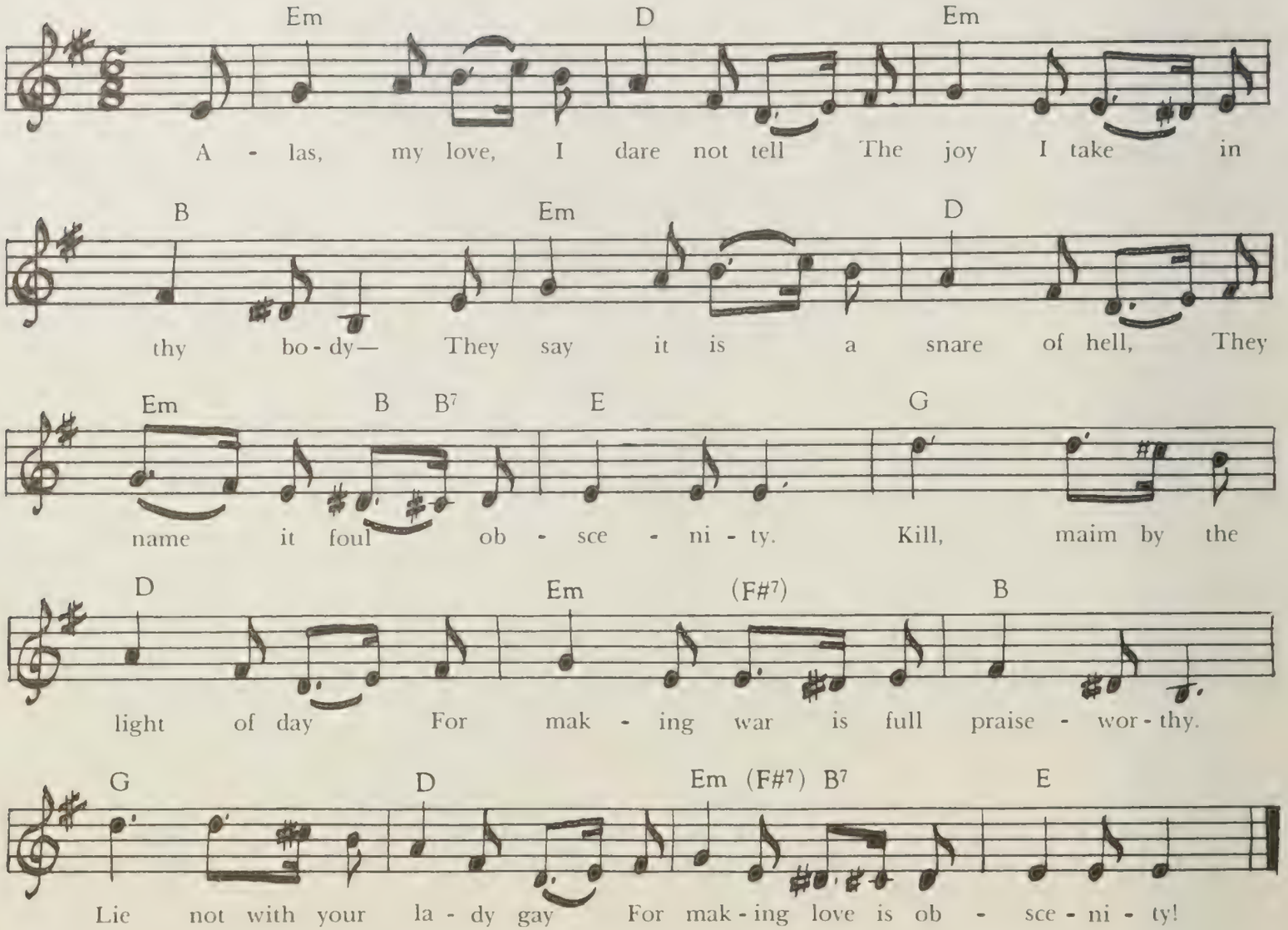
The heroines were modest then, the heroes tall and clean,
Their rayguns mowed the monsters down because their skins were green,
And they said when the villainess proposed a ritual obscene,
"I'm sorry my dear, but I greatly fear I am wed to my time machine!"
*"Yes, I'm sorry my dear, but I greatly fear I am wed to my time machine!"*

The Golden Age is dead for good, there isn't any hope.
"The Terror of the Creeping Scum" is due to washday soap,
The Earthmen are incompetent and simply cannot cope—
The invasion will come and these bums are so dumb they'll merely sit and mope!
*Yes, the invasion will come and these bums are so dumb they'll merely sit and mope!*

The authors all have gone and caught the decadent disease,
They all use dirty words galore and hate the Space Police,
And when it comes to al-i-ens from evil galaxies
The heroine Jane wants a daisy-chain and takes them on by threes!
*Yes, the heroine Jane wants a daisy-chain and takes them on by threes!*

# Obscenesleeves

Tune: traditional English, "Greensleeves"


Em D Em
A - las, my love, I dare not tell The joy I take in
B Em D
thy bo - dy— They say it is a snare of hell, They
Em B B7 E G
name it foul ob - sce - ni - ty. Kill, maim by the
D Em (F#7) B
light of day For mak - ing war is full praise - wor - thy.
G D Em (F#7) B7 E
Lie not with your la - dy gay For mak - ing love is ob - sce - ni - ty!

**Prompted by the prosecution for obscenity of Hubert Selby's brilliant and tragic book *Last Exit to Brooklyn.***

1. Alas, my love, I dare not tell
The joy I take in thy body—
They say it is a snare of hell,
They name it foul obscenity.

Chorus:

Kill, maim by the light of day
For making war is full praiseworthy.
Lie not with your lady gay
For making love is obscenity!

2. I kiss thy mouth, I cup thy breast,
In all thy form I take delight,
But hush, my tongue, keep silence lest
They for my crime should me indict.

[Chorus]

3. I'd study better how to please
My mate in sport of venery—
But venery to them's disease
And bodies' touch impurity.

[Chorus]

4. In every town on every side
I find the craft of war extolled.
How men were killed and women died
Is told in books all freely sold.

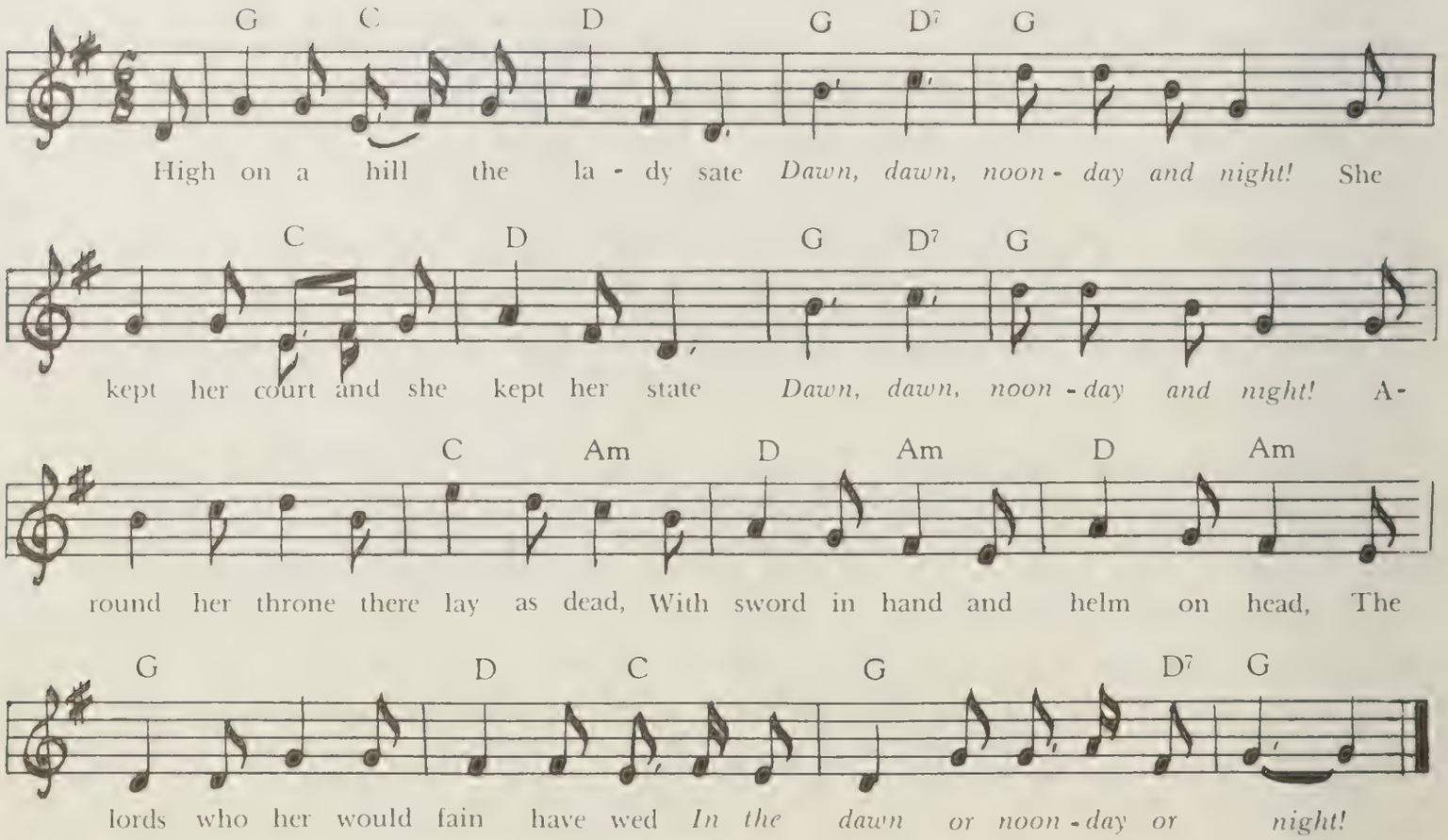
[Chorus]

5. I will not stain my hands with blood
That to thy skin they may be clean
But perjuring the love of God
They term an unsmutched hand obscene.

[Chorus]

# The Œdipus Song

Tune: English, "Sir Eglamore" (adapted)


G C D G D7 G
High on a hill the la - dy sate *Dawn, dawn, noon - day and night!* She
C D G D7 G
kept her court and she kept her state *Dawn, dawn, noon - day and night!* A-
C Am D Am D Am
round her throne there lay as dead, With sword in hand and helm on head, The
G D C G D7 G
lords who her would fain have wed *In the dawn or noon - day or night!*

High on a hill the lady sate
*Dawn, dawn, noonday and night!*
She kept her court and she kept her state
*Dawn, dawn, noonday and night!*
Around her throne there lay as dead,
With sword in hand and helm on head,
The lords who her would fain have wed
*In the dawn or noonday or night!*

Anon a knight came riding by...
And he her beauty did espy...
Before her throne he swore to stand
With helm on head and sword in hand
To win the lady and her land...

He entered in her hall so high...
And all around the lords did lie...
"Unriddle me this question, pray:
I go four legg'd at dawn of day,
On two at noon, at night on three..."

The knight replied without ado...
"A child I crawled when life was new...
I go two-legg'd while I am hale
But crutchèd age is stiff and frail"—
The lady's face grew fearful pale...

At once the evil spell was broke
*Dawn, dawn, noonday and night!*
The trancèd lords rose up and spoke
*Dawn, dawn, noonday and night!*
The lady's beauty vanished quite
And showed a skull all stark and white—
The castle crumbled from their sight
*In the dawn or noonday or night!*

**It once occurred to me to wonder why none of the ballad-makers seemed to have exploited the Riddle of the Sphinx. This was the result.**

# Oh, Oh-Oh-Seven!

Tune: John Brunner

C G
There's a dark grey Bent - ley drop - head and it's piled a - gainst a wall, And a
C B7 G C
curl of smoke is ris - ing o - ver - head, For the bomb was in the
G D
dash - board—but the man's not hurt at all Though the pret - ty girl be -
G C
side him is stone dead! Oh, oh - oh - se - ven! Oh, oh - oh -
G C
se - ven! Will you kind - ly stop dis - patch - ing girls to
F G [Repeat as necessary] C G
hea - ven? There's crowds out - side the Pear - ly Gate— So
C G C
get this mes - sage through your pate: Just keep those girls a - live!

There's a dark grey Bentley drophead and it's piled against a wall,
And a curl of smoke is rising overhead,
For the bomb was in the dashboard—but the man's not hurt at all
Though the pretty girl beside him is stone dead!
Oh oh-oh-seven! Oh oh-oh-seven!
Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?
There's crowds outside the Pearly Gate—
So get this message through your pate:
Just keep those girls alive!

There's a vodka dry martini and it stands on Harry's Bar
And it's flavored with a dash of cyanide.
Now the man who asked and paid for it has left for Zanzibar
But his sultry half-caste girl friend has just died!
Oh oh-oh-seven! Oh oh-oh-seven!
Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?
There's crowds outside the Pearly Gate—
The angel choirs they try to date—
So get this message through your pate:
Just keep those girls alive!

There's a two-five-seven Mannlicher with telescopic sights
And a bullet with his name is up for test,
But it's very hard to hold him still these warm romantic nights,
So the villain's faithless mistress has gone west!
Oh oh-oh-seven! Oh oh-oh-seven!
Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?
There's crowds outside the Pearly Gate—
The angel choirs they try to date—
We simply cannot concentrate!
So get this message through your pate:
Just keep those girls alive!

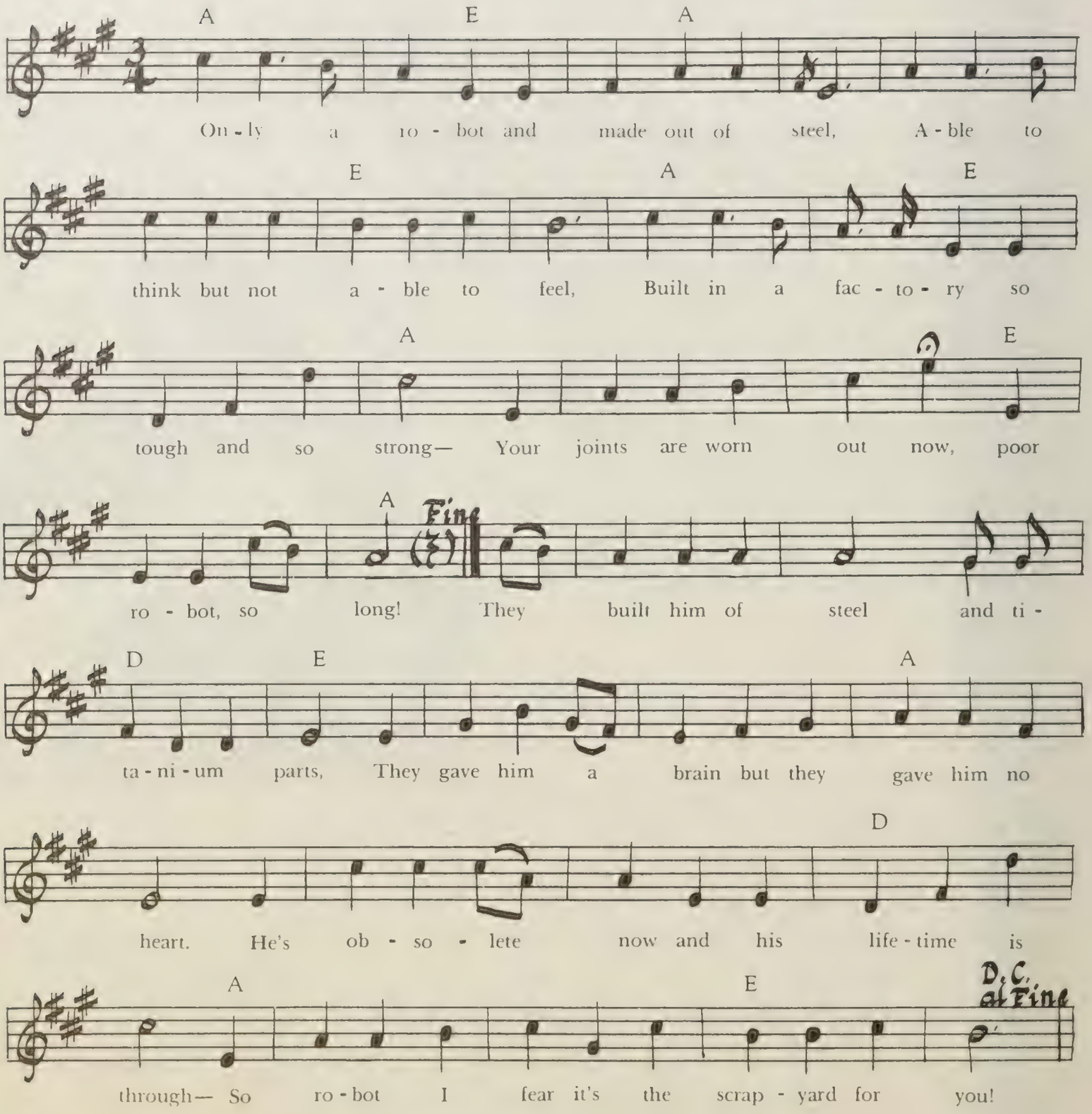
There's a mamba and a cobra and a rattler and a krait
And they've all been hidden in a hotel bed,
But the girl he met this evening said she simply couldn't wait,
So he's still alive and she's been killed instead!
Oh oh-oh-seven! Oh oh-oh-seven!
Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?
There's crowds outside the Pearly Gate—
The angel choirs they try to date—
We simply cannot concentrate!
The situation's desperate!
So get this message through your pate:
Just keep those girls alive!

There's an urgent memorandum and it's gone up to the Boss,
And it's come back marked for action right away,
For the Earth is short of beauty and can't stand this constant loss,
So there's got to be an end to Jimmy's play!
Oh oh-oh-seven! Oh oh-oh-seven!
Will you kindly stop dispatching girls to heaven?
There's crowds outside the Pearly Gate—
The angel choirs they try to date—
We simply cannot concentrate!
The situation's desperate!
You've had your chance and sealed your fate—
JUST KEEP THOSE GIRLS ALIVE!

**I've always thought that James Bond wastes entirely too many of the ladies who throw themselves at him—heaven knows why, except presumably that the script calls for it...**

# Only a Robot

Tune: traditional American, "Poor Miner's Farewell"


A E A
On - ly a ro - bot and made out of steel, A - ble to
E A E
think but not a - ble to feel, Built in a fac - to - ry so
A E
tough and so strong— Your joints are worn out now, poor
A Fine
ro - bot, so long! They built him of steel and ti -
D E A
ta - ni - um parts, They gave him a brain but they gave him no
D
heart. He's ob - so - lete now and his life - time is
A E D.C. al Fine
through— So ro - bot I fear it's the scrap - yard for you!

Only a robot and made out of steel,
Able to think but not able to feel,
Built in a fact'ry so tough and so strong—
Your joints are worn out now, poor robot, so long!
They built him of steel and titanium parts,
They gave him a brain but they gave him no heart.
He's obsolete now and his lifetime is through—
So robot I fear it's the scrapyard for you!

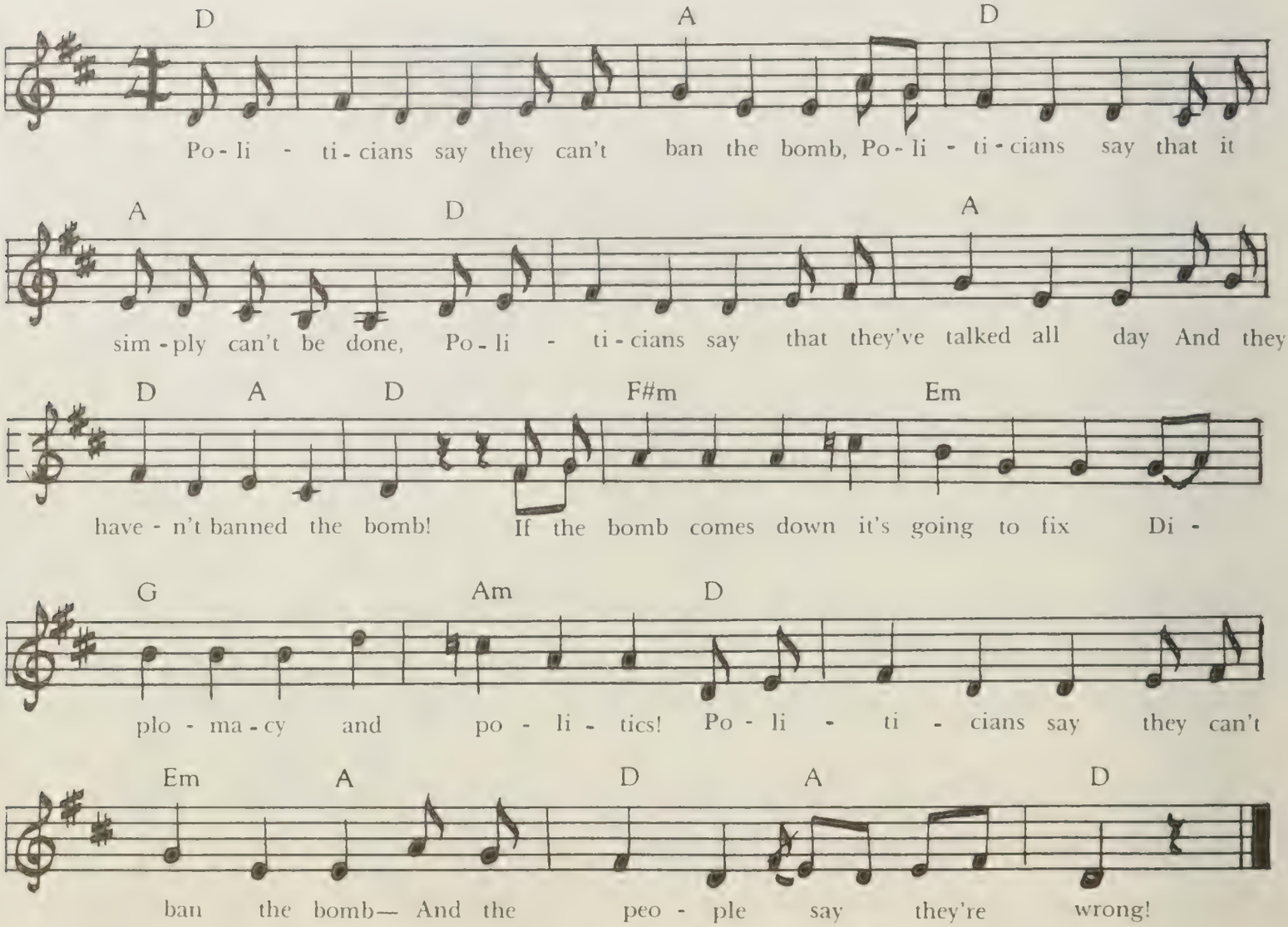
Only an android and bred in a vat,
Only an android and faulty at that,
Made from synthetics and a gene has gone wrong—
You're clumsy and stupid, poor android, so long!
They took RNA, and DNA too,
They thought they knew just what the process must do.
They made a mistake and they can't work out how—
But androids with faults in they cannot allow!

Only a human and born from a womb,
Walking and talking and bound for the tomb,
Partway intelligent, surprisingly dumb—
Best watch out, poor human, your time's almost come!

**Acknowledgments to Jerry Silverman, who adapted this version of the tune for a fine lyric by Aunt Molly Jackson about the plight of Kentucky coalminers.**

# The People Say

Tune: 18th century German, *"Vetter Michel"*


D A D
Po - li - ti - cians say they can't ban the bomb, Po - li - ti - cians say that it
A D A
sim - ply can't be done, Po - li - ti - cians say that they've talked all day And they
D A D F#m Em
have - n't banned the bomb! If the bomb comes down it's going to fix Di -
G Am D
plo - ma - cy and po - li - tics! Po - li - ti - cians say they can't
Em A D A D
ban the bomb— And the peo - ple say they're wrong!

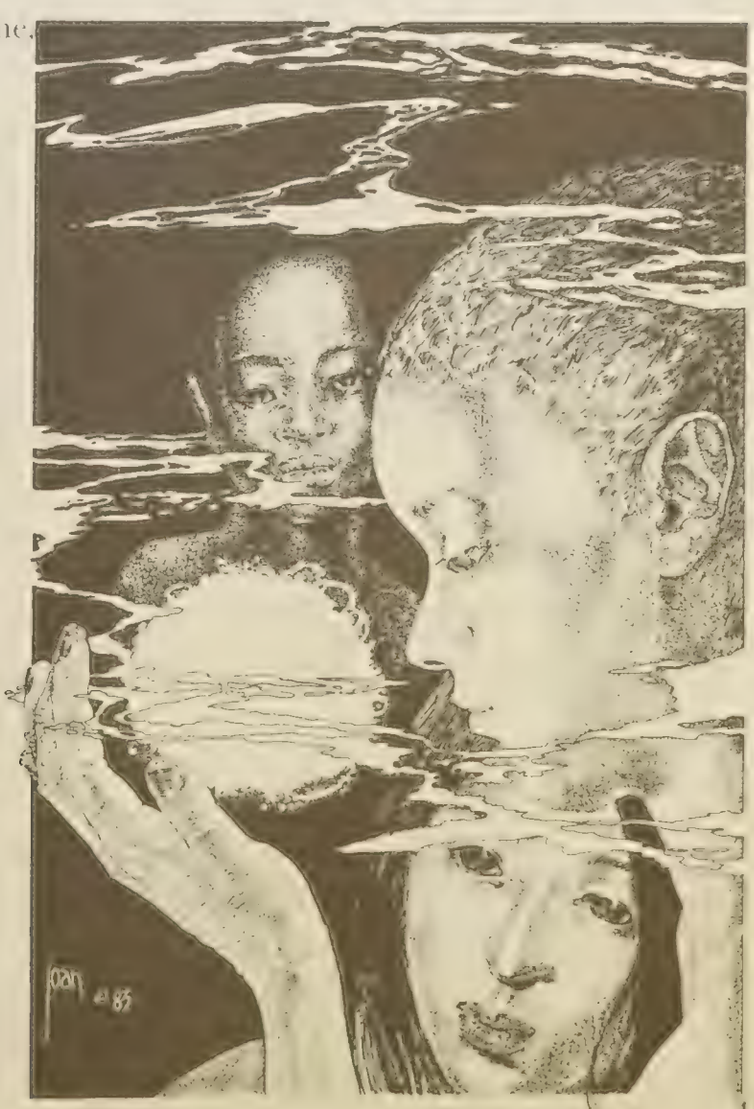
"I like to believe that people in the long run are going to do more to promote peace than are governments. Indeed, I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of the way and let them have it."—President Eisenhower, 6th September 1959.

Politicians say they can't ban the bomb,
Politicians say that it simply can't be done,
Politicians say that they've talked all day
And they haven't banned the bomb!
    If the bomb comes down it's going to fix
    Diplomacy and politics!
Politicians say they can't ban the bomb—
    And the people say they're wrong!

The gen'rals say they must have the bomb,
The gen'rals say that a war is bound to come,
The gen'rals say we must fight some day—
How they long to use that bomb!
    If the bomb comes down it's going to do
    For gen'rals and for privates too!
The gen'rals say they must have the bomb—
    And the people say they're wrong!

The Archbishop said not to ban the bomb,
The Archbishop said it's what *we* depend upo*n*,
The Archbishop said better dead than red,
So he went and blessed that bomb!
    If the bomb comes down there'll be no hope
    For bishop, layman, priest or pope!
The Archbishop said not to ban the bomb—
    And the people say he's wrong!

But the people say we don't want the bomb,
For we don't all want to be blown to Kingdom Come,
And the people say there's another way
So you'd better ban the bomb!
    Scrap every bomb and rocket-base
    And make the world a cleaner place!
The people say we don't want the bomb
    And we're going to get things done!



# Power in the Wind

Tune: Carl Friedrich Zelter, 1802

G D G Am
Where once were fields of corn and hay and state - ly an - cient
G Em A D
trees a con - crete wall says keep a - way from guard - dogs and po -
A D G D G C D
lice. The land they take we can - not plough–it's spoiled for hu - man be - ings now ten
Am G Am G
thou - sand years at least be - cause of a - tom waste. There's
Em Am D
po - wer in the wind and sea and it's po - wer we can have for free— there's
G D G
po - wer in the tide and sun that won't harm a - ny - one! There's
Em Am D
po - wer in the wind and sea and it's po - wer we can have for free— there's
G D G
po - wer in the tide and sun that won't harm a - ny - one!

**I used not to object to nuclear power stations. But that was before I realized how long our posterity will have to stand guard over their remains after the uranium runs out.**

Where once were fields of corn and hay
    and stately ancient trees
a concrete wall says keep away
    from guard-dogs and police.
The land they take we cannot plough—
it's spoiled for human beings now
    ten thousand years at least
    because of atom waste.

Chorus:

There's power in the wind and sea
and it's power we can have for free—
there's power in the tide and sun
that won't harm anyone! *(Repeat)*

The atom-plant lasts three decades
    and gives us the Good Life—
electric toothbrush, shaving aids,
    electric carving-knife!
When thirty years are past and gone
the radiation lingers on—
    the very latest taste
    means more atomic waste!

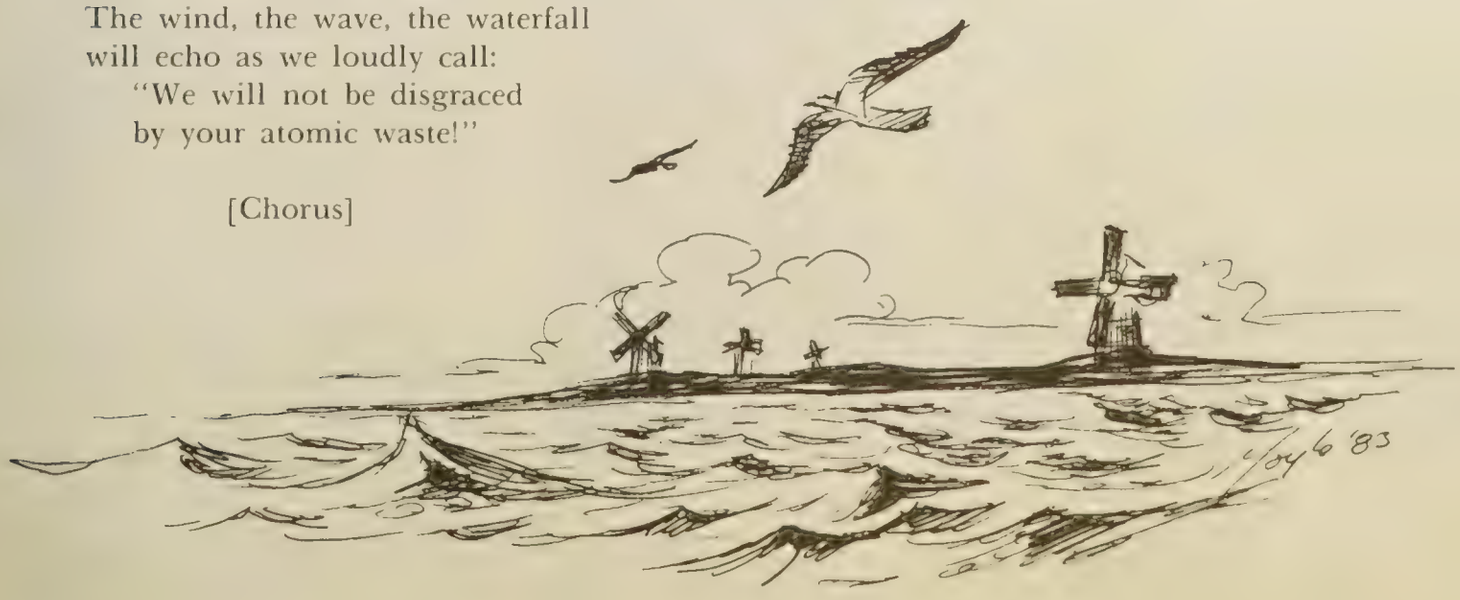
[Chorus]

There's poison in the food we buy,
    there's poison in the cup,
for power-stations multiply
    and bombs are to blow up.
Uranium can build a bomb
and cripple children still to come—
    our country is defaced
    because of atom waste.

[Chorus]

Let's turn aside from greed and gain,
    let's make the planet know:
There's power in the human brain—
    the power to say no!
The wind, the wave, the waterfall
will echo as we loudly call:
    "We will not be disgraced
    by your atomic waste!"

[Chorus]



# Power in the Wind

Tune: David Greenway, arr. John Wheeler

C G F C Am G G7
Where once were fields of corn and hay and state - ly an - cient trees a
C G F C Am Am7 G G7
con - crete wall says keep a - way from guard - dogs and po - lice. The
F C Am G G6 C
land they take we can - not plough— it's spoiled for hu - man be - ings now ten
Am G Am Dm7 G Em7
thou - sand years at least be - cause of a - tom waste. There's
F C Em7 Em G Am Em G
po - wer in the wind and sea and it's po - wer we can have for free— there's
F C C Am G7 C
po - wer in the tide and sun that won't harm a - ny - one!

I used not to object to nuclear power stations. But that was before I realized how long our posterity will have to stand guard over their remains after the uranium runs out.

Where once were fields of corn and hay
and stately ancient trees
a concrete wall says keep away
from guard-dogs and police.
The land they take we cannot plough—
it's spoiled for human beings now
ten thousand years at least
because of atom waste.

Chorus:

There's power in the wind and sea
and it's power we can have for free—
there's power in the tide and sun
that won't harm anyone! *(Repeat)*

The atom-plant lasts three decades
and gives us the Good Life—
electric toothbrush, shaving aids,
electric carving-knife!
When thirty years are past and gone
the radiation lingers on—
the very latest taste
means more atomic waste!

[Chorus]

There's poison in the food we buy,
there's poison in the cup,
for power-stations multiply
and bombs are to blow up.
Uranium can build a bomb
and cripple children still to come—
our country is defaced
because of atom waste.

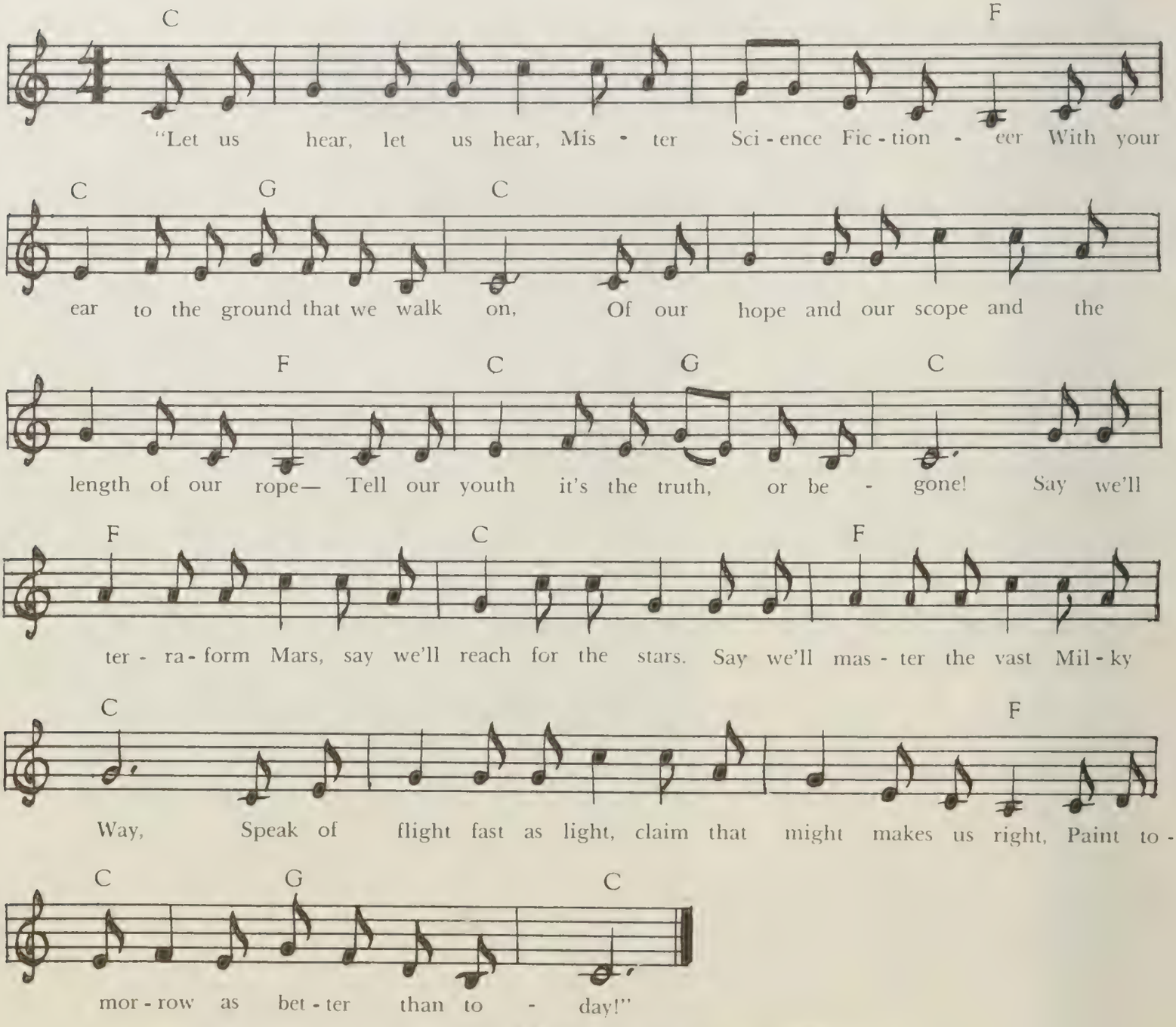
[Chorus]

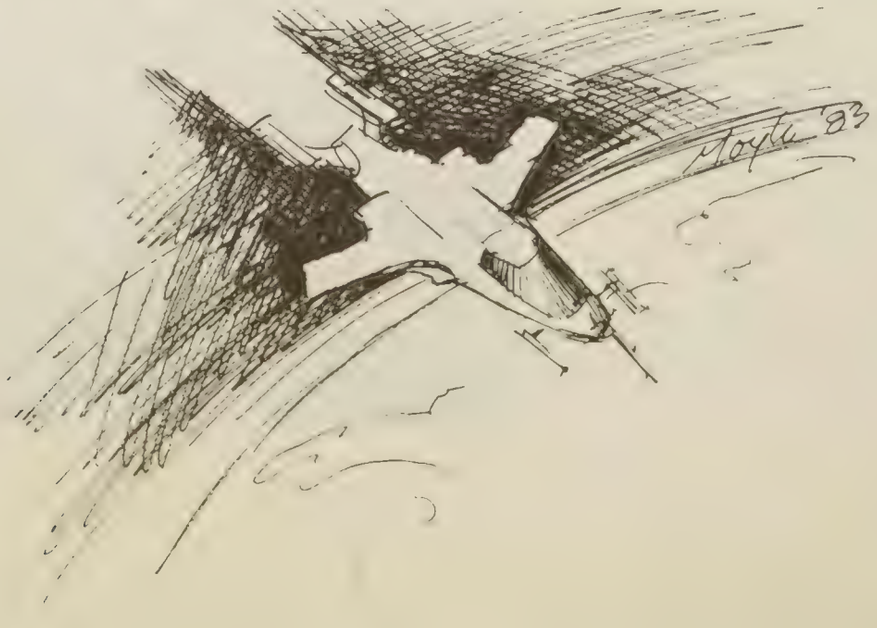
Let's turn aside from greed and gain,
let's make the planet know:
There's power in the human brain—
the power to say no!
The wind, the wave, the waterfall
will echo as we loudly call:
"We will not be disgraced
by your atomic waste!"

[Chorus]

# The Rough and the Smooth

Tune: traditional Irish, "Kelly the Boy from Killanne"


C F
"Let us hear, let us hear, Mis - ter Sci - ence Fic - tion - eer With your
C G C
ear to the ground that we walk on, Of our hope and our scope and the
F C G C
length of our rope— Tell our youth it's the truth, or be - gone! Say we'll
F C F
ter - ra - form Mars, say we'll reach for the stars. Say we'll mas - ter the vast Mil - ky
C F
Way, Speak of flight fast as light, claim that might makes us right, Paint to -
C G C
mor - row as bet - ter than to - day!"



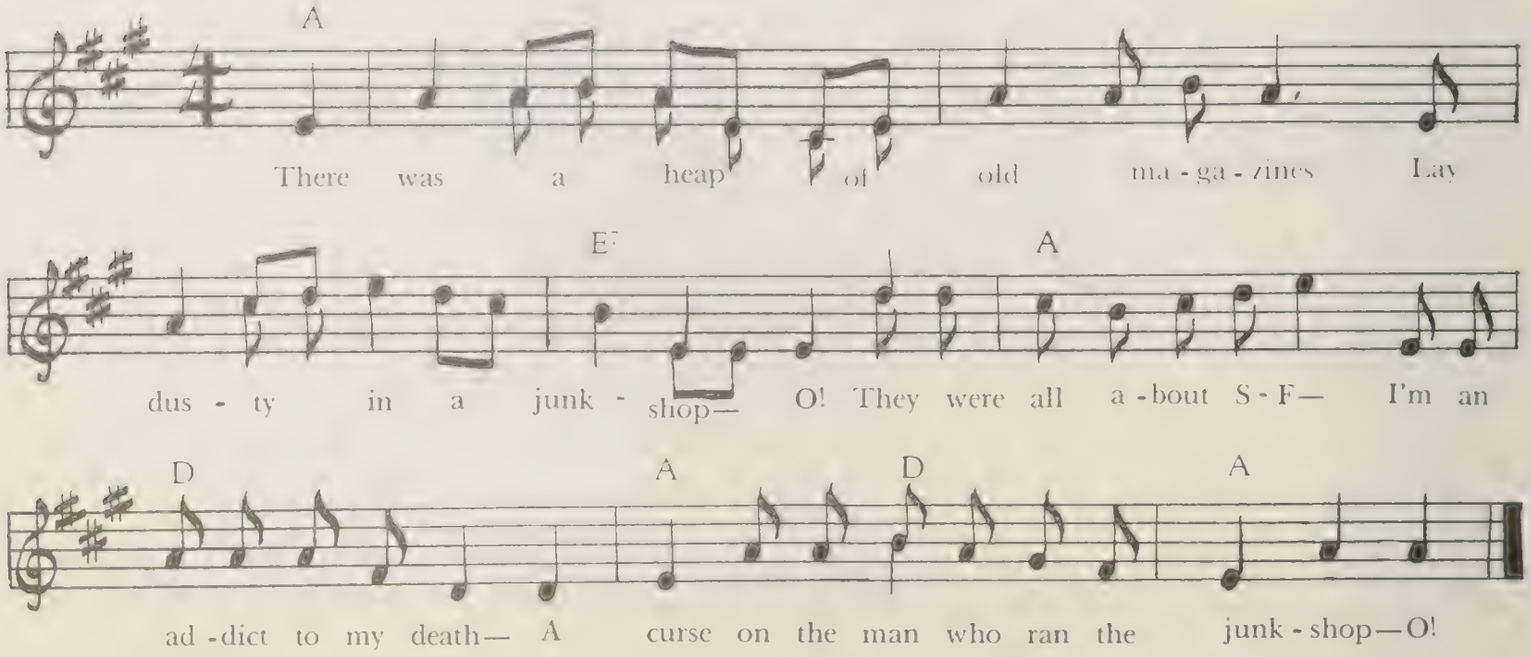
"Let us hear, let us hear, Mister Science Fictioneer,
With your ear to the ground that we walk on,
Of our hope and our scope and the length of our rope—
Tell our youth it's the truth, or begone!
Say we'll terraform Mars, say we'll reach for the stars,
Say we'll master the vast Milky Way,
Speak of flight fast as light, claim that might makes us right,
Paint tomorrow as better than today!"

"Why the hell should I tell what you know very well
Is a cheat and deceitful and a lie?
You can kill with a will, so the question is still
Shall we live, or are we going to die?
Banish war, feed the poor, judge by love not by law,
Cleanse the Earth of our birth, make us free!
I'm betrayed—I need aid for my grand masquerade!
To speak truth I need proof, so give it me!"

**"...which say unto the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits..."— *Isaiah* XXX v. 10.**

# The Science Fiction Junkie's Lament

Tune: traditional Scottish, "The Lass o' Fyvie"


A
There was a heap of old ma - ga - zines Lay
E7
A
dus - ty in a junk - shop— O! They were all a - bout S - F— I'm an
D
A
D
A
ad - dict to my death— A curse on the man who ran the junk - shop—O!

There was a heap of old magazines
Lay dusty in a junkshop—O!
    They were all about SF—
    I'm an addict to my death—
A curse on the man who ran the junkshop—O!

There's many a writer of marvelous prose,
There's many a playwright and poet—O!
    Their work's no good to me—
    I need Martians on page three—
Without them I'm bored before I know it—O!

I wish I were Kinnison or Gilbert Gosseyn,
I wish I were Giles Habibula—O!
    But alas I'm not a slan—
    I'm a science fiction fan—
Reality can't get any duller—O!

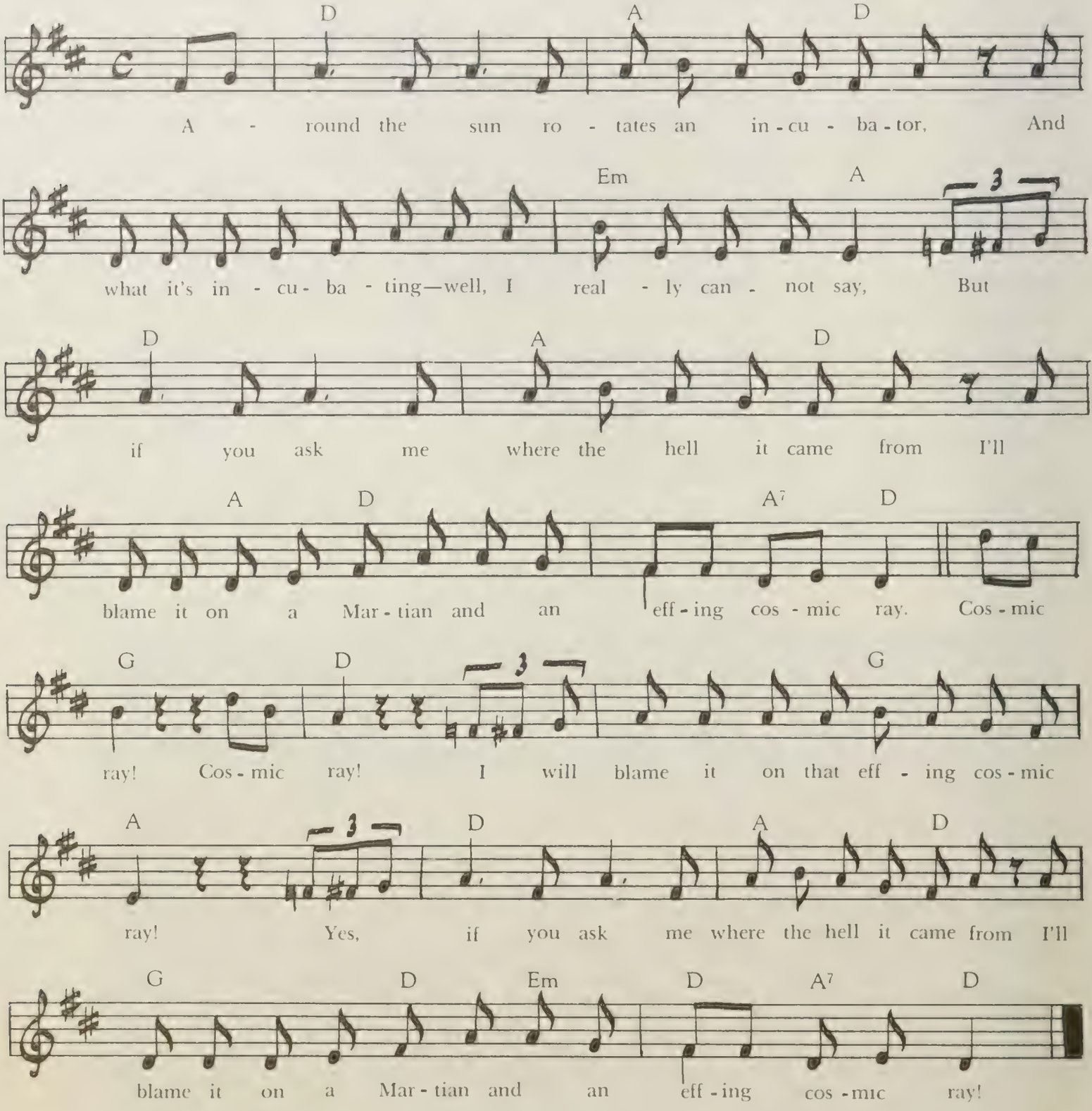
It's many a time I have dreamed of a wife,
Long that I've lived sole and sorry—O!
    Liking tentacles, not arms,
    I cannot enjoy the charms
Of girls who are hoping to marry—O!

Oh, why was I born on this dull planet Earth
Instead of say out in the Plei-a-des?
    The man who sold that junk
    Made me worse than any drunk—
I'm hopelessly ill with the SF disease!

**"It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan."—E. C. Tubb. But that was when British SF conventions attracted fewer than a hundred people.**

# Shipboard Romance: A Cautionary Tale

Tune: traditional Anglo-Irish, "Far Away"


D A D
A - round the sun ro - tates an in - cu - ba - tor, And
Em A
what it's in - cu - ba - ting—well, I real - ly can - not say, But
D A D
if you ask me where the hell it came from I'll
A D A7 D
blame it on a Mar - tian and an eff - ing cos - mic ray. Cos - mic
G D G
ray! Cos - mic ray! I will blame it on that eff - ing cos - mic
A D A D
ray! Yes, if you ask me where the hell it came from I'll
G D Em D A7 D
blame it on a Mar - tian and an eff - ing cos - mic ray!

**"A*round* the *park* she wheels a p'rambulator..." Yes, it's that one! I wonder what her father keeps behind the door instead of a shotgun.**

Around the sun rotates an incubator,
And what it's incubating—well, I really cannot say,
But if you ask me where the hell it came from
I'll blame it on a Martian and an effing cosmic ray.
Cosmic ray! Cosmic ray!
I will blame it on that effing cosmic ray!
Yes, if you ask me where the hell it came from
I'll blame it on a Martian and an effing cosmic ray!

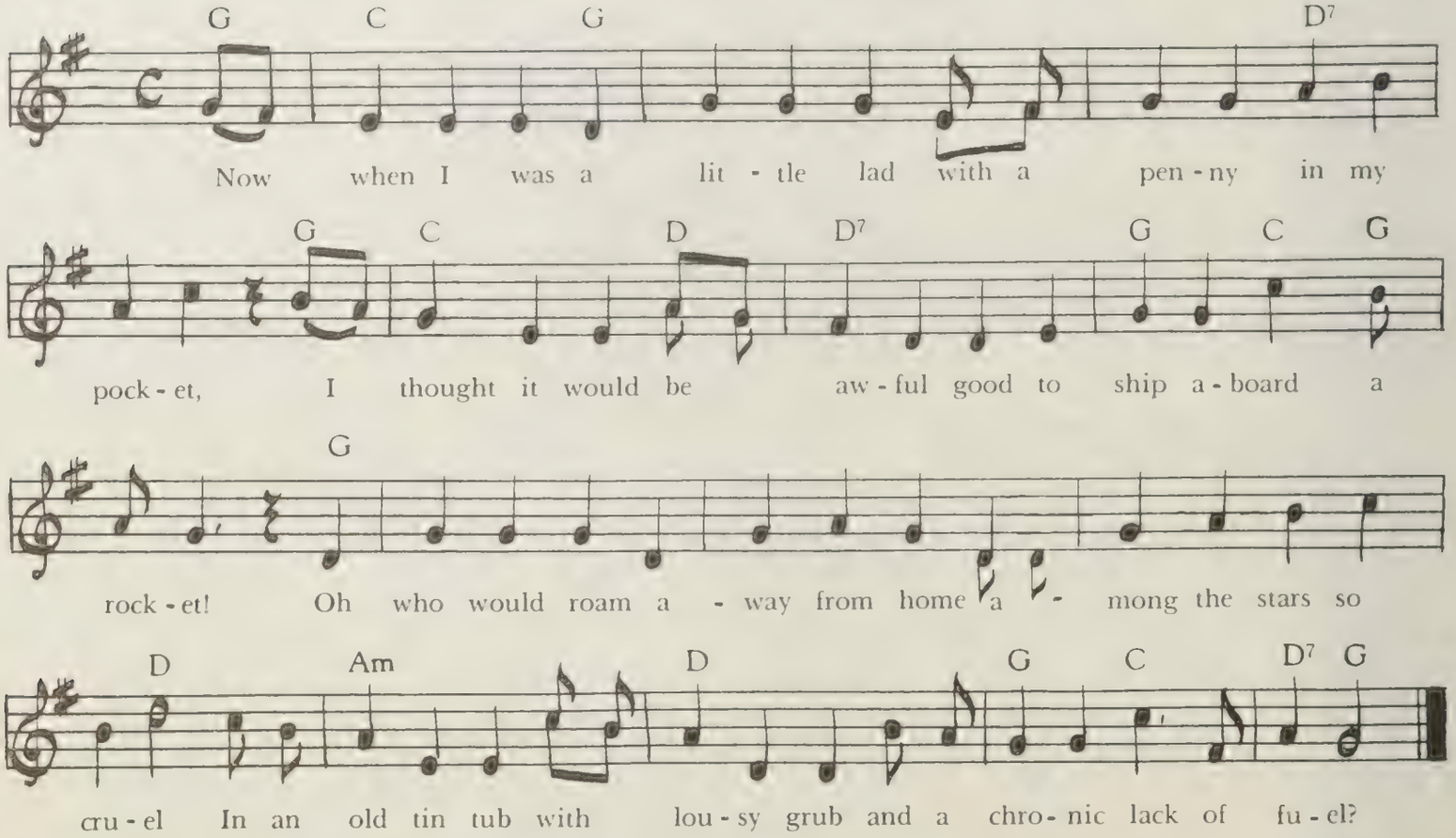
He wooed and won me on a ship to Venus,
I'd met some other Martians and I should have been blasée,
But when he blinked his nictitating eyelids
I let him in my cabin and we went all the way—
All the way! All the way!
Never let a Martian boy go all the way!
Not though he blinks his nictitating eyelids,
Don't let him in your cabin or he'll go all the way!

I've heard about genetic variation,
I've read about the chromosomes and also RNA,
So when I learned about my odd condition
I went to see the Martian and he told me, "Cosmic ray!"
Cosmic ray! Cosmic ray!
How I wish the cosmic rays would go away!
That must explain my very odd condition—
But who wants to be married to an effing cosmic ray?

So now my son—or possibly my daughter—
Counts stars upon its tentacles to pass the time away.
I wish it looked a bit like dad or mother;
It should be pink or purple but it's all greenish-grey.
Greenish-grey! Greenish-grey!
Was that the actual colour of the ray?
It's learned to talk, in fact it calls me mother,
But when it calls me mother I go all greenish-grey!

# Space Shanty

Tune: John Brunner


G C G D7
Now when I was a lit - tle lad with a pen - ny in my
G C D D7 G C G
pock - et, I thought it would be aw - ful good to ship a - board a
G
rock - et! Oh who would roam a - way from home a - mong the stars so
D Am D G C D7 G
cru - el In an old tin tub with lou - sy grub and a chro - nic lack of fu - el?

Now when I was a little lad with a penny in my pocket,
I thought it would be awful good to ship aboard a rocket!
Oh who would roam away from home among the stars so cruel
In an old tin tub with lousy grub and a chronic lack of fuel?

One fateful day I stowed away upon a Mars-bound freighter.
Our planetfall missed Grand Canal, we crashed into a crater!
Oh who would roam away from home in a sort of squirting scooter
With its jets askew and its hull cracked through and a bug in its computer?

On Jupiter there's no good air, there's gravity to flatten.
There's horrid things among the rings around the planet Saturn!
Oh who would roam away from home and company that's human
In a beat-up crate with a schizoid mate and a score of crazy crewmen?

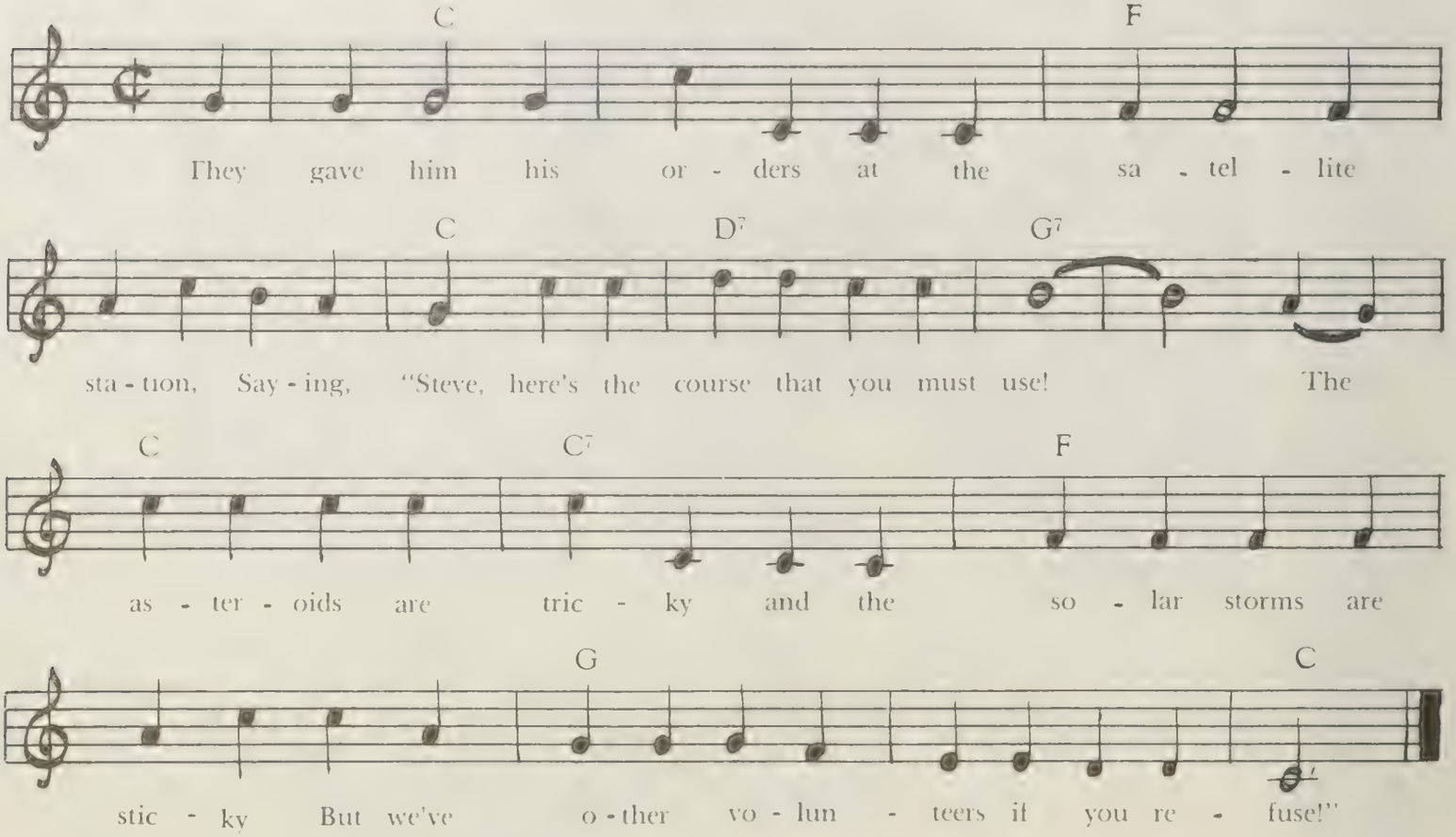
I ought to list the filthy mist that surrounds the planet Venus.
It wears its cloud like a goddamn shroud and heats up like a greenhouse!
Oh who would roam away from home and atmosphere that's pu-ure,
Share his oxygen with a dozen men till it stinks worse than a sewer?

Now to my cost from Pluto's frost back to Sol I've spanned the System.
No cosy berths exist but Earth's—or if they're there I've missed 'em!
Oh who would roam away from home and live his life a rover?
*If again I were just a free youngster I'd do the whole lot over!*

This is by far the oldest song in the collection; I must have drafted it when I was still in my teens.

# The Spacewreck of Old Ninety-Seven

Tune: traditional American, "Wreck of the Old 97"


C
F
They gave him his or - ders at the sa - tel - lite
C
D7
G7
sta - tion, Say - ing, "Steve, here's the course that you must use! The
C
C7
F
as - ter - oids are tric - ky and the so - lar storms are
G
C
stic - ky But we've o - ther vo - lun - teers if you re - fuse!"

They gave him his orders at the satellite station,
Saying, "Steve, here's the course that you must use!
The asteroids are tricky and the solar storms are sticky
But we've other volunteers if you refuse!"

He shrugged and he said as he climbed into his spacesuit,
"Just strap me on a hundred extra tanks!
Using every ounce of thrust I'll make Saturn or I'll bust
And if I live I'll get a jump in rank!

"It's a mighty tough orbit that the astrogator's plotted
And there's meteors and cosmic rays to face,
But I'll plough the fields of heaven flying Old 97—
That's the fastest rocket ever put in space!"

Well the last time he signalled he was passing by Callisto
Running on emergency-y drive
With the engine shielding shot and the radiation hot
And we knew he couldn't make it alive.

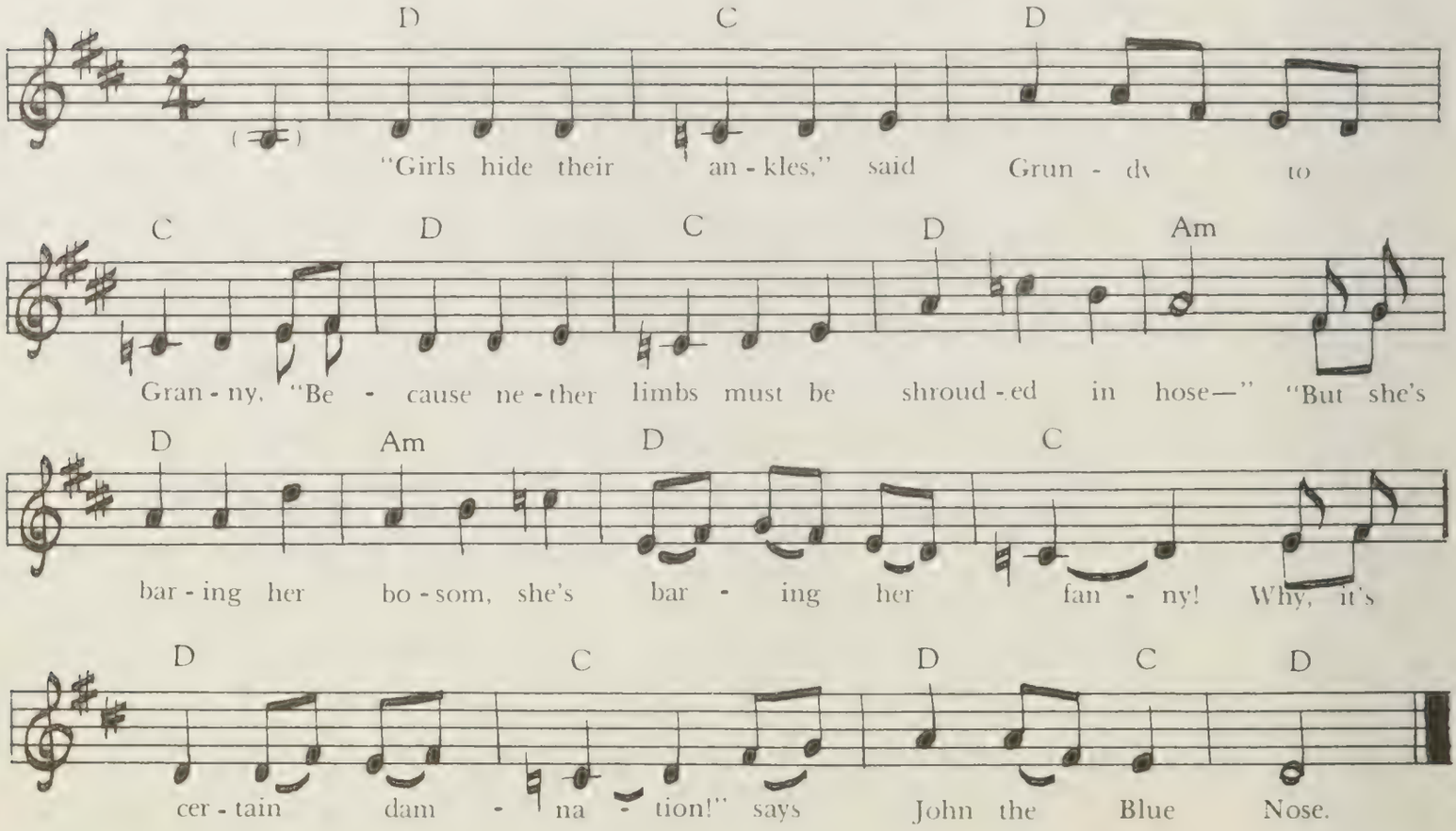
It's a mighty tough job using atmosphere for braking
When the friction makes the hull glow red.
We saw him from afar like a monstrous shooting star
And we knew he was as good as dead.

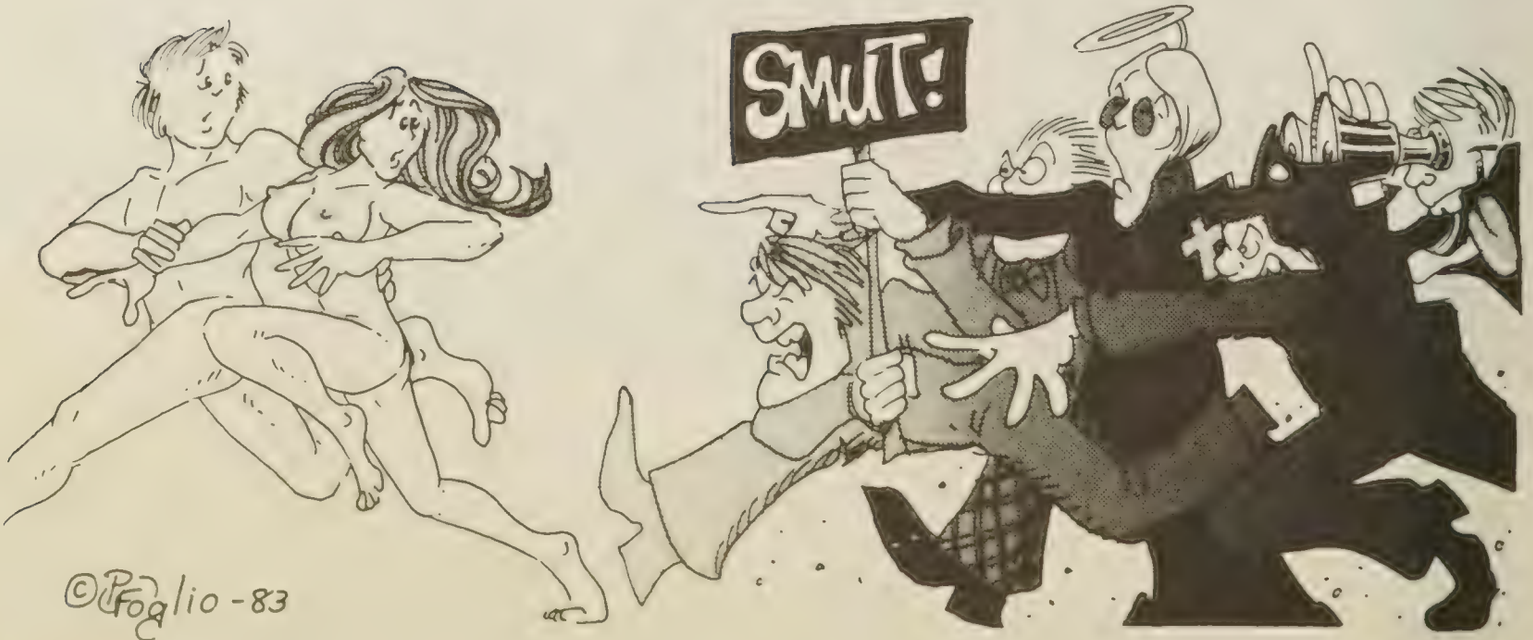
Did he ever return? No, he never returned
And the scanners searched in vain.
They couldn't find a blip and the engineers were hip
That we wouldn't see our Stephen again.

**The earliest version of this tune, apparently, belonged to a song called "The Ship That Never Returned". Well, if it got transferred from oceans to railways, why not into space as well?**

# There's Show Business Like No Business

Tune: traditional English, "The Cutty Wren"


D C D
"Girls hide their an - kles," said Grun - dy to
C D C D Am
Gran - ny. "Be - cause ne - ther limbs must be shroud - ed in hose—" "But she's
D Am D C
bar - ing her bo - som, she's bar - ing her fan - ny! Why, it's
D C D C D
cer - tain dam - na - tion!" says John the Blue Nose.



"Girls hide their ankles," said Grundy to Granny,
"Because nether limbs must be shrouded in hose—"
"But she's baring her bosom, she's baring her fanny!
Why, it's certain damnation!" says John the Blue Nose.

"Don't dare show your knickers," said Mother to Daughter.
"If you let your skirt rise what will people think?
You must put on a costume to go in the water—"
"But I watched her undressing!" says Snigger to Wink.

"Your body is shameful!" said Preacher to Lover.
"You must swaddle in cloth from your head to your toes!
Not un-til they are married may ladies uncover—"
"No, not even after!" says John the Blue Nose.

"I sleep in pyjamas," said Fuddy to Duddy,
"And I curtain the windows whenever I'm nude.
Lots of salts in the bath make it opaque and muddy—"
"But I peeked through the keyhole!" says Voyeur to Prude.

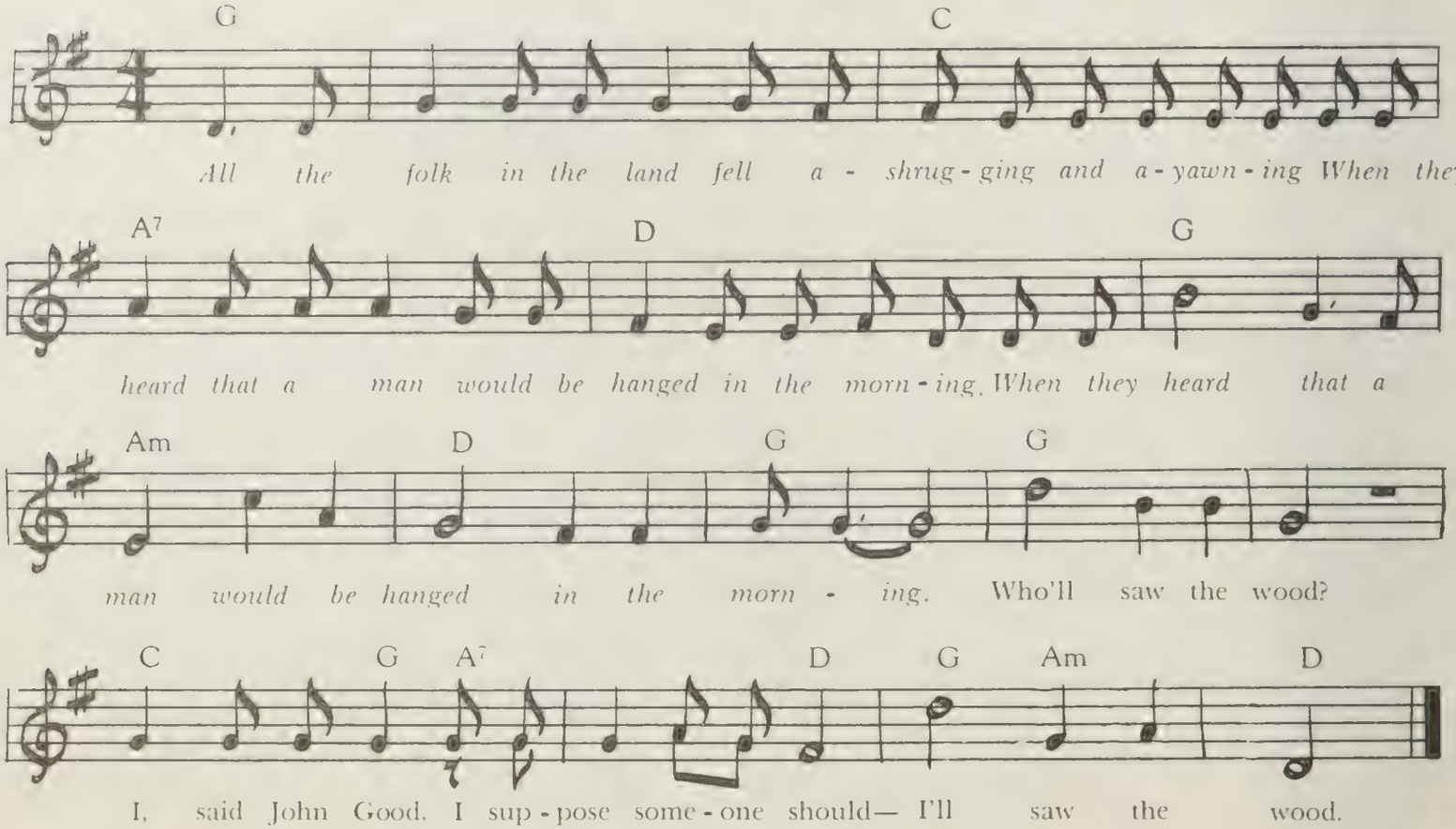
"Where are you going?" said Parson to Person,
"Oh, where are you going without any clothes?"
"To reap the reward of this horrid perversion—
To hell in a handcart!" says John the Blue Nose.

"Oh, this is disaster!" says Tailor to Cutter,
"For if many more folk their bodies expose
We two must go bankrupt and beg in the gutter—"
"I got here before you!" says John the Blue Nose.

**Dedicated, with loathing and contempt, to all who claim that human bodies are disgusting—may they rot till they disgust themselves!**

# Top Robin

Tune: traditional English, "Cock Robin"


G C
All the folk in the land fell a - shrug - ging and a - yawn - ing When they
A7 D G
heard that a man would be hanged in the morn - ing. When they heard that a
Am D G G
man would be hanged in the morn - ing. Who'll saw the wood?
C G A7 D G Am D
I, said John Good. I sup - pose some - one should— I'll saw the wood.

*All the folk in the land*
*Fell a-shrugging and a-yawning*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*

1. Who'll saw the wood?
   I, said John Good.
   I suppose someone should—
   I'll saw the wood.

2. Who'll drive the nails?
   I, said John Scales.
   If all else fails
   I'll drive the nails.

3. Who'll grease the rope?
I, said John Cope.
With coarse yellow soap
I'll grease the rope.

*All the folk in the land*
*Fell a-shrugging and a-yawning*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*

4. Who'll tie the knot?
I, said John Spott.
We must see to the lot—
I'll tie the knot.

5. Who'll test the drop?
I, said John Topp.
We don't want a flop!
I'll test the drop.

6. Who'll tie his hands?
I, said John Sands.
With strong leather bands
I'll tie his hands.

*All the folk in the land*
*Fell a-shrugging and a-yawning*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*

7. Who'll say a prayer?
I, said John Square.
Well, that's only fair—
We must have a prayer.

8. Who'll hide his eyes?
I, said John Wise.
While a man dies
I'll hide my eyes.

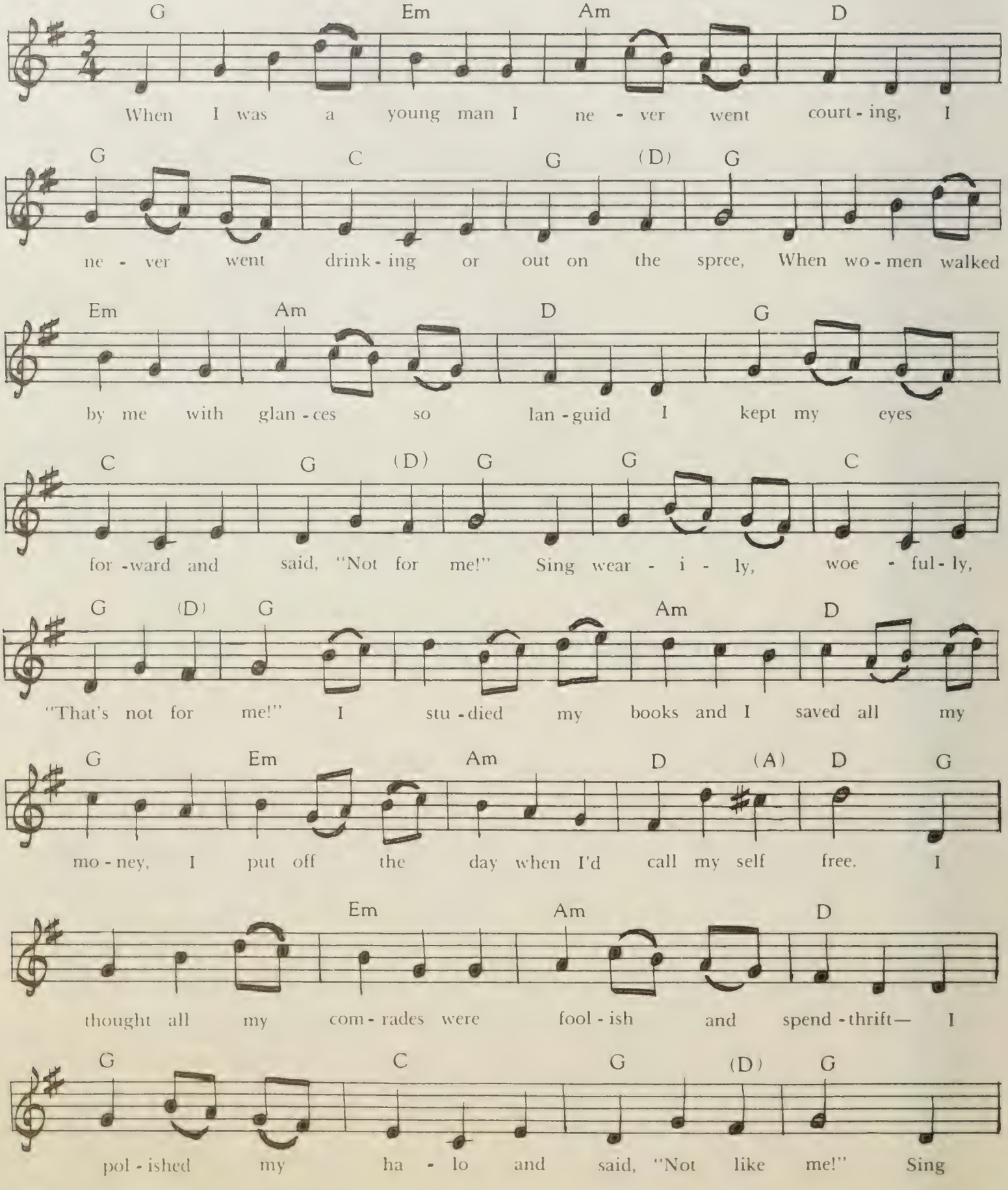
9. When's the next time?
Soon, says John Lime,
Because murder's a crime.
Here's to next time.

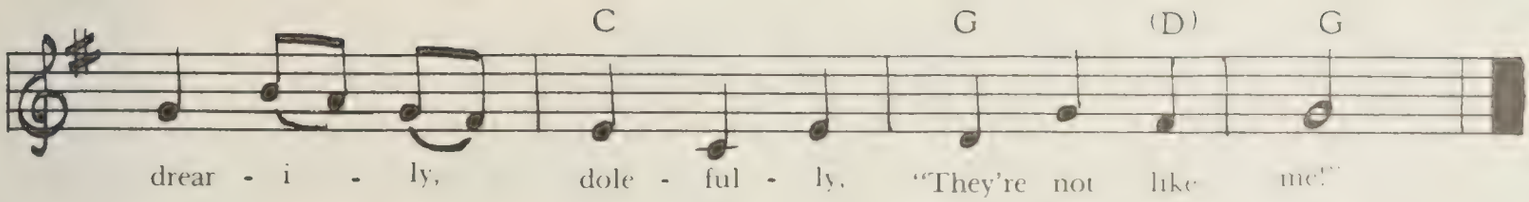
*All the folk in the land*
*Fell a-shrugging and a-yawning*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*
*When they heard that a man*
*Would be hanged in the morning.*

**To top someone, of course, means to hang him....I wrote this in 1963. To my sorrow, the death penalty—or, more explicitly, murder by the judiciary—has been revived twenty years later in at least one country that ought to have outgrown such barbarous practices.**

# When I Was a Young Man

Tune: traditional Welsh, "The Ash Grove",
repeating the last line of each strain


G Em Am D
When I was a young man I ne - ver went court - ing, I
G C G (D) G
ne - ver went drink - ing or out on the spree, When wo - men walked
Em Am D G
by me with glan - ces so lan - guid I kept my eyes
C G (D) G G C
for - ward and said, "Not for me!" Sing wear - i - ly, woe - ful - ly,
G (D) G Am D
"That's not for me!" I stu - died my books and I saved all my
G Em Am D (A) D G
mo - ney, I put off the day when I'd call my self free. I
Em Am D
thought all my com - rades were fool - ish and spend - thrift— I
G C G (D) G
pol - ished my ha - lo and said, "Not like me!" Sing




When I was a young man I never went courting,
I never went drinking or out on the spree,
When women walked by me with glances so languid
I kept my eyes forward and said, "Not for me!"
Sing wearily, woefully, "That's not for me!"
I studied my books and I saved all my money,
I put off the day when I'd call myself free.
I thought all my comrades were foolish and spendthrift—
I polished my halo and said, "Not like me!"
Sing drearily, dolefully, "They're not like me!"

Now I am an old man repenting my folly,
Although I am learnèd and rich as can be,
For every young maid when I ask her to marry
Just laughs in my face and says, "You're not for me!"
Sing slightingly, scornfully, "You're not for me!"
So all you young fellows, take heed of my story:
Make much of your youth, for it shortly will flee,
And youth is a blessing, a gift you must cherish—
Take heed of my story, and don't be like me!
Sing hopelessly, mournfully, "Don't be like me!"

**I wrote the lyric of this when I was about twenty. I'm glad I did. The ghastly prospect it offered taught me better.**

# Who's Who

Tune: English, about 1720, "The Vicar of Bray"

A D A D A E
In Queen Vic - tor - i - a's gol - den days which brought us peace and
A D A D A E
plen - ty, The low - er clas - ses knew their place and touched their hats to
A E A E
gen - try. For all things bright and beau - ti - ful the
A E D
par - son thanked God week - ly, And work - men kneel - ing
A D E A E
du - ti - ful re - peat - ed "A - men" meek - ly. And this is how Great
A E A E
Bri - tain's run down to this ver - y ho - ur, sir: The
A D A D A E A
plebs may vote for a - ny - one but we'll be the peo - ple in pow - er, sir!

**Public schools in Britain, of course, are not public, but private and expensive—a perfect instance of a paranym, that—and Eton is the most famous of them all.**

In Queen Victoria's golden days which brought us peace
and plenty,
The lower classes knew their place and touched their hats to
gentry.
For all things bright and beautiful the parson thanked God
weekly,
And workmen kneeling dutiful repeated "Amen" meekly.

Chorus:

And this is how Great Britain's run down to this very
hour, sir:
The plebs may vote for anyone but we'll be the people in
power, sir!

The best of all we could afford and not have to be clever—
We had an Empire there abroad on which the sun set never,
With wogs, babus, and blackamoors who all required a
saviour
And so we taught them English laws and public-school
behaviour!

[Chorus]

We had some ill-bred Englishmen who dipped their bread
in gravy—
We used to teach them discipline between decks in the
Navy,
And when some upstart blighter sought to broach our
Empire's border
We'd send them to a foreign port to re-establish order!

[Chorus]

And when the news was brought one day while we were
shooting pheasants:
"The Empire is in disarray! Revolt among the peasants!"
Our upper lips were stiff as boards—we knew we were not
beaten.
We made the Labour leaders lords and sent their sons to
Eton!

[Chorus]

*This book was designed by Greg Thokar and set in Baskerville at Typo-Tech Reproduction Center, Inc., with assistance from Theresa Renner, James Turner and Sue Hammond; printed on 60# offset by Eusey Press, of Leominster, Mass.*